Spira Subscribes to his Recantation.

Spira by Slavish Fear down Truth den
And sets his trembling Hand to Popery

B. M.

A

RELATION

Of the fearful Eſtate of

Francis Spira,

After he turn'd *Apoſtate* from the *Proteſtant Church* to Popery.

As alſo the Miſerable LIVES, and Woful DEATHS, of

Mr. *JOHN CHILD*,

Who deſperately hang'd himſelf in *Brick-Lane*, in *Spittle-Fields*, *London*, 1684.

AND,

Mr. *GEO. EDWARDS*,

Late of *Stratford* in *Eſſex*, who wilfully Shot himſelf to Death, *Jan.* 4. 1704.

To which is added, K. *James* the Firſt's Prophetical Curſe upon any of his Race, that ſhould Apoſtatiſe to the Church of Rome. With ſeveral Examples of God's Judgments on other Apoſtates. With *Origen*'s Lamentation

LONDON, Printed and Sold by *B. Harris*, at the Golden Boar's Head in Grace-Church-Street, 1715.

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TO THE READER.

THE Certainty, the Remarkableneſs, and the great Uſe of this Relation of *Spira*, has long ſince made it Acceptable to the ſober part of the World, ſo that it hath been Tranſlated and Publiſh'd in moſt of the Languages of *Europe*; and particularly great Numbers of them have been vended in *England*; but being now out of Print, and I having purchas'd the *Right* of the Copy, thought it very fit to Reprint it: For certainly never was there more need to preſerve the *Memory* of ſuch awakening Examples, than in this preſent Age, wherein an *apoſtatizing Spirit* ſeems to be let looſe, and not a few ready

to ſhift their Religion (as Seamen do their Sails) with every Wind.

Let ſuch falling Stars, whilſt they view in this Looking-Glaſs, *Spira*'s dreadful Condition, read the Conſequences of their own Apoſtacy. God will not be mocked: There's no Diſſembling with Heaven, no Maſquerading with the All-ſeeing Eye of divine Vengeance, which ſooner or later will overtake 'em.

To make this little Treatiſe more Serviceable, I have procur'd divers notable Preſidents of God's Judgments, viſibly inflicted on the like Sinners, to be added to it from ſeveral approved Authors.

Apoſtacy is a Sin moſt odious to God and Man. *The Angels* (ſaith the Apoſtle) *which kept not their firſt Eſtate, but left their own Habitation, he hath reſerved in everlaſting Chains under Darkneſs, unto the Judgment of the Great Day.*

Hence it is, that the Zeal of our Prote-

Proteſtant Anceſtors, thought fit by an *Act of State*, to Brand this horrid Sin with the moſt heinous Guilt and grievous Puniſhment, making it no leſs than *High-Treaſon for any Subject of this Kingdom, (of whatever Eſtate or Degree) that has been Educated in the true Reformed Religion of the Church of* England, *by Law eſtabliſhed, to be willingly reconciled to the Church of* Rome; as appears by the Statute 9 *Jac. c.* 4 *S.* 23. A Law to this Day in force, and well worthy the Regards of all thoſe whom it may concern. Nor was the Zeal and Reſolution of that wiſe and learned Prince, K. *James* the I. leſs to be applauded, of which we have a ſignal Inſtance, recorded by a reverend Judge to Poſterity, *viz. That in the Second Year after* K. James's *coming into* England, *there being a Rumour ſpread, as if he intended, or were inclinable to give the* Papiſts *Tolleration, his Majeſty was offended thereat;*

thereat; esteeming it a very great Scandal on a Protestant *Prince; and having assembled divers of the Nobles, he there publickly declared, That he never had such a Thought, and that he would venture the best Blood in his Body for the* Protestant *Religion; solemnly adding a Curse upon any of his Race, that should Apostatize to* Rome, *saying,* If any of my Posterity shall embrace any other than that true Religion which I now profess, I pray God to take them out of the World. *See* Crook's *Reports,* 2. Jacobi.

It was in the beginning of the Year 1683, that I new Publish'd the Relation of the fearful Estate of *Francis Spira*, with the fore-going Epistle, to prevent, as much as in me lay, that Torrent of Apostacy, that then was flowing in upon the Nation, like a mighty Deluge, ready to overflow and bear down all before it: And it was then as much

as

as I durſt ſay, and more than they would allow afterwards. For Dr. *Sharp* (late A. Bp. of *York*) having in one of his Sermons, made mention of that Curſe of K. *James* the Firſt, which I have here before recited; K. *James* the II. being conſcious to himſelf of being an Apoſtate from the Religion in which he was brought up, and which was profeſs'd by his Father and Grand-Father, found himſelf ſo nearly touch'd, that he ſent a *Mandate* to the Biſhop of *London* to Suſpend the ſaid Dr. *Sharp* from Preaching; which the Biſhop ſeeing no Reaſon for; inſomuch as the Dr. had tranſgreſs'd no Law, as being what by Law he could not. Upon which, that K. who was for advancing his *Diſpenſing Power* above all *Law*, was ſo enrag'd, that he erected an *Extra-Judicial Eccleſiaſtical Court*, to Suſpend the Reverend Biſhop, which they alſo did, as he commanded.

This

This mighty Indignation of K. *James* the 2d, againſt repeating this Curſe of his Grand-Father, gave me an occaſion of conſidering it a little more ſedately; and by comparing it with what has ſince befallen his two unhappy Grand-Children (not to mention his own Son, K. *Charles* I. who tho' himſelf a Proteſtant, yet was ſo *Uxorious* an Husband to his Queen, that he granted the *Papiſts* more Liberty on her account, than was either conſiſtent with the Laws of the Land, or the Welfare of the Proteſtant Religion, which was ſo undermin'd in *England* in his Reign, that at laſt, things broke out into a bloody War, the end of which was fatal to the Nation, and ſurprizingly Tragical to that unfortunate King, which encourag'd the Rebels in *Ireland* to maſſacre Two Hundred Thouſand Innocent Proteſtants in cold Blood; for which a Commiſſion was pretended by them under that

that King's *Broad-Seal*; but whether it were ſo or not, muſt be left to that Day in which all Secrets will be made manifeſt. *I ſay*, not to mention the great Lenity of K. *Charles* I. to the *Papiſts*, it is notorious enough, that the Grand-Father's Curſe took hold of both the Grand-Children, *Charles* and *James* II. for their *apoſtatizing* from God's *true* Religion unto *Popery*. King *Charles* II. did indeed *Diſſemble* in it, in his Life-time; for being an *effeminate* Prince, and entirely given up to his Pleaſures, he was not very ſollicitous about any Religion at all; and provided he could but enjoy thoſe Pleaſures to which he had devoted himſelf, he was not thoughtful what became of Religion; but if we may judge of his Life by his Death (when Men leaſt of all *diſſemble*) that little *Religion* which he had was *Popery*. 'Twas *that* that he loved beſt, though he want-

wanted either Courage, or Zeal, or both, to Hazard his *Kingdom* by ſetting it up, as his Brother *James* afterwards did. And therefore the *Papiſts* (not to ſay his *Brother*) took care to ſend him out of the World, for *One* that ſhould do their *Buſineſs* better, to be ſet up in his room: And thereby his *Grand-Father*'s *Commination* was made good upon him, *That for embracing another Religion, he was taken out of the World.* And tho ſome are willing to believe he dy'd a *Proteſtant*, becauſe he went under that *Denomination*, yet his receiving the *Sacrament* on his Death-Bed from Father *Huddleſton*, a *Popiſh Prieſt*, after the manner of the Church of *Rome*, is too great a *Demonſtration* of his being one of that *Communion*.

And thus by the juſt *Judgment* of the Almighty, *whoſe Ways are inſcrutible, and his Judgments paſt finding out*, he fell (according to his Grand-

Grand-Father's Prayer) for embracing the *Romish* Religion, by their Hands (as there is great Reason to believe) whose Religion he fell away to, because they thought him too remiss in his Zeal for it; tho' indeed he did them more Service by those under-hand Methods he took to promote it, than his Brother could do by his more publick espousing of it.

King *Charles* II. being gone, and K. *James* come to the Crown, he openly profess'd his *Apostacy*, in embracing another *Religion*, than that *true One* his Grand-Father profest; and drew upon him all the Plagues that an *abdicated Prince* could lye under: Which two Examples are fresh Instances, how Dangerous it is, for any Person, tho' of the highest Rank, to *apostatise* from the good Ways of God, and to embrace that *Religion* with which God has a Controversy, and which in

his due time he will utterly overturn. And tho' by the coming in of the late Glorious King *William*, *Popery* has receiv'd such a Blow, that one would think there should be no Danger of *apostatising* to it any more; yet the *Devil*, and his *Instruments the Jesuits*, are busy and industrious as ever to promote it, tho' under several Disguises: And whilst they are bringing up a *Pretender* on t'other side the Water, they seem to be Confident of turning the Point some time or other; and therefore it concerns us all to stand upon our Guard, and take heed of the very *Beginnings* of *Apostacy*; which, I fear, is creeping upon too many, by insensible Degrees. For to grow cold and careless in the Profession of *Religion*, is one Degree of *Apostacy*, and may, and will (without divine Grace interpose) lead a Man into all the rest.

Be-

Before I conclude this Epiſtle, I think fit to acquaint the *Reader*, that this *true Relation* of the fearful Eſtate of *Francis Spira*, has found ſuch good Acceptance, that it has occaſion'd a ſurreptitious Relation to be ſhamefully publiſh'd to the World, even under the Name of a *Second Spira*; which as it is without any Foundation of Truth, ſo it is a great Abuſe to the World, and an Impoſing upon the Credulity of unwary Readers: And whatever the Deſign may have been, is but making the *Truth* of God beholden to a *Lye*, which is expreſly condemned by the Apoſtle, *Rom.* 3. 7, 8. But among the many Examples recited in this Book, there are none but what are of approved Verity, and well Atteſted: Yea, ſo far am I from impoſing on the Reader by fictitious Relations, that I would to God there were not ſo many real

Inſtances of this kind, and that Apoſtacy had not left ſuch viſible Marks behind it in the wicked Lives, and deſpairing Deaths of ſo many miſerable Souls as it has done.

I have alſo farther to inform the Reader, that I have in this Edition added another very true and tremendious Example, of God's Juſtice upon a Perſon, for Sinning againſt Light and Knowledge, which, I think, is as remarkable as any thing that has happen'd of this Nature, for theſe Hundred Years; and this is no Example brought from Foreign Parts, but a Thing tranſacted at our own Doors. The Perſon who was the ſad Subject hereof, was particularly known to my ſelf, and very many others, at this time living in *London*; the place of his laſt Habitation being no farther off than *Spittle-Fields*. He was a Man of a ſtrong and able

ble Body, bold and confident, of great Preſence of Mind, but a *wounded Conſcience who can bear?* For thou wilt find in the Relation, that when God came to contend with him, he was ſo diſtracted with Terrors, that he was reduc'd to a meer Skeleton, and made the lively Image of Deſpair. But I will not anticipate in this Preface what you ſhall meet with in the Book, but refer you to the Relation it ſelf.

I ſhall only add my Wiſhes and Prayers, that paſt *Examples* may prove future *Warnings*; and all that read theſe ſignal Inſtances of God's Judgments, may thereby come to ſee the Danger of *Apoſtacy*, and hold faſt the Truth, and not *depart into the Ways of Baal-Peor*, or *lick up the Vomits of Aſhdod*; but conſerve the pure Faith, and walk anſwerable thereunto in their *Converſation*, which will

bring a Bleſſing in Life, and Comfort in Death, and Glory to Eternity.

Thine,

B. H.

The

The Preface.

FOR the Truth of this History enſuing, beſides Circumſtances of Place, Perſon, Time, and Occaſion, ſo exactly obſerv'd, I refer my ſelf to the Relation of thoſe godly Men, who in ſeveral Languages have manifeſted to the World, the ſeveral Paſſages thereof: And altho' I am not ignorant, that at firſt they were not only Credited, but Diſcredited, and Slander'd, by ſuch as found them to be a Blur to the *Roman* Profeſſion, yet they loſt not their Luſtre thereby; but being acquitted by many Compurgators of ſeveral Nations, and ſome of the *Romiſh* Religion, being all of them Spectators of this Tragedy, it occaſion'd not only a farther Manifeſtation and Confir-

mation of the Truth, but alſo a large and more frequent Confluence, to ſee that which they had formerly only heard of. This partly appeareth out of the ſucceeding Story; but more fully out of an Apology written by *Vergerius*, Biſhop of *Juſtinople*, who was accuſed for diſperſing the Fame of his Example to the Stain of *Popery*, in which Apology to *N. Rottan*, Suffragan of *Padua*, is ſhortly and clearly declared what was ſaid, what was done, and who were preſent. If that it be demanded, what moved me to compile this Treatiſe of *Spira*, tell them, that it ſhould teach *Fear* and *Reverence*; and indeed, among all thoſe that came to ſee him, few or none return'd unſhaken. *Vergerius*, in his firſt Epiſtle ſaith, *I would fain go and ſee him again, but I exceedingly Fear and Tremble.* And in his Apology ſaith, *It is ſuch a rare Example, as I would willingly*

willingly go to the farthest Parts of the World, to see or hear the like. The Lady *Jane* to her Father's Chaplain, (that had fallen into *Spira*'s Sin) saith, *Remember the lamentable Estate of* Spira!

I acknowledge, that there hath been formerly a Book publish'd in *English* on this Subject; but as far as I can learn (for I could not get one of them) it was not so various and large as this Treatise; and, as I have heard, a Translation of only one of the Tractates, whence in part I gather'd the ensuing Discourse. Concerning my Care and Fidelity herein, I may truly say, without changing Colour, That not one Sentence of all this Work, attributed to the Person of *Spira*, but it hath its Warrant either from the Epistles of *Vergerius*, and *Gribaldus*, Professors of Law at *Padua*; or from the Discourses of *Henry Scringer*, a *Scotsman*, *Sigism. Gelous*,

a *Transilvanian*, and *Martin Bocha* a Divine of *Bazil*. I have taken no Liberty, than as a Relator, to weave the aforesaid Discourses together, so as those who under several, were accounted several, I here make one entire History, connected by due Succession of *Time* and *Occasion*, as punctually as could be aim'd at, by the *Circumstances* noted in the Writings of those Holy and Learned Men before-named.

Extraordinary Examples of Divine Justice, God never intended for a *Nine Days Wonder*; else would he when he exemplifi'd *Lot*'s Wife, have turn'd her into a Statue of melting Snow, not of lasting Salt; which stood as *Josephus* tells us, 'till his Age, after the Destruction of *Jerusalem*; and as some Travellers report still at this Day; *Ut quoddam hominibus praestaret condimentum quo sapient unde illud caveatur Exemplum*, *Aug. de Civit. Dei, lib.* 16. *cap.* 30.

For

For a Seaſon againſt Corruption, a Preſervation againſt Apoſtacy.

This Tragedy when New, was the Converſion and Confirmation of ſundry Worthies; *Vergerius*, a daily Spectator thereof, forſaking a rich Biſhoprick of *Juſtinopolis*, and Tents of *Antichriſt*, went to *Bazil*, and died a worthy Proteſtant. Many Nations had Eye-Witneſſes of their own Students then in the Univerſity of *Padua*, who penned the Story, the Copies whereof are frequently reviv'd: Our *Engliſh* ones were very Defective, and now worn out of Shops and Hands; ſundry Manuſcripts of this abroad *imperfect*; which mov'd me to compare this Labour of a worthy Gentleman (who *Faithfully* Tranſlated it out of *Italian*, *French*, and *Dutch* Letters) with the *Latin* of *Celius Secundus*, *Carion*, *Matthæus Gribaldus*, *Profeſſors* of the *Civil Law* in *Padua*, *Sigiſmond Gelous*, a *Tranſilvanian*,

vanian, and *Henricus Scotus*, all daily Visitors of *Spira*, and find it accord with them.

Touching *Spira*'s Person, I find most learned Writers do encline to the right and hopeful Hand; moved by his sweet, humble, and charitable Speeches (some few desperate ones excepted) that fell from him in some little Agonies, which kept him Fasting and Watching about six Months space, eating nothing but what was forc'd down his Throat.

The Sum of *Calvin*'s and *Borrhon*'s Counsel is, (who write largely of the Use of this Pattern) *That all learn to take heed of Back-sliding, which God's Soul abhors; and not to dally with Conscience, an Hell upon Earth, if justly incens'd; more to be fear'd than the* Spanish *Inquisition, or all the Strapado's and Torments in the World; and to take heed of* Spira's *principal Errors; which were to Dispute*

Diſpute with Satan over buſily in time of Weakneſs,; eſpecially to Reaſon and Conclude from preſent Senſe, to God's Paſt Reprobation and Future Damnation: both of which is hard, if poſſible, for any Man to Determine in his own, much more in others Caſes.

So commending thee to his Grace who is able to eſtabliſh thee to the End, I bid thee Fare well, and Hope well, while the Space of Grace laſteth; *Dum Spiras Spera*; ſo may'ſt thou take Good, and no Hurt, by reading this terrible Example.

N. B.

TO

To the Author *and* Reader *of this* HISTORY.

SOme scatter'd Parcels of this Story lay
In *foreign Leaves, which, hadst not found a way*
Thus to collect, had { been an obvious Prey.
never seen the Day.
Reader, wou'dst see how *sinning 'gainst the Light*
Will quench & leave the Soul in a sad Night
Of Discontent? Come hither then, look here
And learn all such *Light-quenching* Sins to fear.
Reader, woud'st see the *comfort breathing* Spirit
To *Grieve*, what endless *Grief* it doth demerit?
Come hither then, look here:
Here see a Soul that's all *Despair*; a Man
All *Hell*; a Spirit all *Wounds*; Who can
A wounded Spirit bear?
Reader, wou'dst *see* what you may never *feel*
Despair. Racks Torments, Whips of burning Steel:
Behold this Man, this *Person* in whose Heart
Sin hath created Hell. Oh, in each part,
What Flames appear!
His Thoughts all Stings; Words Swords;
Brimstone his Breath;
His Eies Flames; Wishes Curses, Life a Death.
A thousand Deaths live in him, he not dead.
A breathing Corpse in living scalding Lead.
And yet he lives our Monuments to tell,
How black are quenched Lights?
Quench Joys are double Frights,
Black Days are double Nights.
Heav'n Tasted, Lost, a double Hell.
I've call'd thee *Reader*, pray so be;
Read this, that others Read not thee.

Legat Historiam,
Ne suus Historiam. M. N.

BRITISH
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MUSEUM

A RELATION

Of the Fearful Estate OF

Francis Spira.

IN the Year 1548, when the *glorious Sun* of the Gospel was but newly risen in *Europe*, in the Days of the Reign of *Edward* the sixth of that Name King of *England*, in the Territory, and under the Jurisdiction of the City of *Venice*, being the very Border of *Italy*, in the Town of *Citadella*, liv'd one *Francis Spira*, a Civil Lawyer, an Advocate of great Rank and Esteem; being of great Experience, of Carriage circumspect and severe,

ſevere, his Speech grave and compoſed, his Countenance ſharp and auſtere, every way befitting that Authority whereunto he was advanc'd; endow'd with outward Bleſſings of Wife and eleven Children, and Wealth in abundance. What his worſt Parts were, I have no other Warrant than his own Words, which, if not tainted over-much with the Bitterneſs of a deſperate Mind, and bearing a Countenance rather of Paſſion, than of ſober Confeſſion, may ſeem to add a Period to all farther Commendations.

'I was (*ſaith he*) exceedingly Co-
'vetous of Money, and accordingly ap-
'plied my ſelf to get by Injuſtice, cor-
'rupting Juſtice by Deceit, inventing
'Tricks to delude Juſtice; good Cau-
'ſes I either defended deceitfully, or
'ſold 'em to the Adverſary perfidiouſly.
'Ill Cauſes I maintain'd with all my
'might. I wittingly oppoſed the known
'Truth; and the Truſt committed un-
'to me, I either betrayed or perverted.

Thus having worn out Forty-Four Years, or thereabouts, and the News of the *New*, or rather *newly revived* Opinions of *Luther* coming into thoſe Parts, repre-

represented an Object of Novelty unto him, who being desirous to know, as he was famous for Knowledge, suffer'd not these wandring Opinions to pass unexamin'd; but searching into the Scriptures, and into all Books of Controversies that he could get, both Old and New, and finding more than Fame or Opinion, he began to taste their Nature so well, that he Entertains, Loves, and Owns them at length; and with such Zeal, as he became a Professor, yea, a Teacher of them, first to his Wife, Children, and Family, and after to his Friends, and familiar Acquaintance; and in comparison, seemed to neglect all other Affairs, intending ever to press this main Point, *That we must wholly and only depend on the free and unchangeable Love of GOD, in the Death of CHRIST, as the only sure way to Salvation.* And this was the Sum of all his Discourse, which continued for the space of Six Years, or thereabouts, even so long as the Fire could keep it self within private Walls; but at length it brake forth into publick Meetings, so as the whole Province of *Padua* Dawned by the Lustre thereof. The Clergy finding the Trade of their

Pardons

Pardons to decay, and their *Purgatory* to wax cold, began to beſtir themſelves; gloſſing their Actions, firſt with calumnious Aſperſions upon the whole Profeſſion; then more plainly ſtriking at *Spira* with grievous Accuſations.

And to effect their Purpoſe, ſome promiſed Labour, others Favour, ſome Advice, others Maintainance; all joyn to divide either his Soul from his Body, or both from God.

Now was *John Caſa*, the Pope's Legate, reſident at *Venice*, being by Birth a *Florentine*; and one that wanted neither Malice againſt thoſe of this Way, nor Craftineſs to effect his malicious Purpoſes; to him theſe Men repair with Outcries againſt *Spira*, that he was the Man that condemned the received Rights of the Church, eluded the Eccleſiaſtical Power, and ſcandalized the Policy thereof; one of no mean Rank, being a Man of Account and Authority, and thereunto Learned in the Scriptures, Elegant in Speech, and in one Word, a dangerous *Lutheran*, having alſo many Diſciples; and therefore not to be Deſpiſed.

At this began the *Legate* to caſt his Eye on the terrible Alteration that had lately

lately happen'd in *Germany*; where, by the Means of one only *Luther*, the *Romish* Religion had suffer'd such a Blow, as that it could neither be Cured by Dissimulation, nor Defended by Power; but the Clergy must either mend their Manners, or lose their Dignities. On the other side, when he saw how Propense the common People, inhabiting in the bordering Country of *Italy*, were to entertain those new Opinions, he now thought it no time to Dispute or Persuade, but with speed repairs to the Senate, and procures Authority from them to send for *Spira*.

Spira, by this time, had consider'd with himself of the Nature of his Courage, how evident and notorious it was, and therefore subject to be Envied, by such as neither liked his Person nor Religion. He perceived that his Opinions were neither retired, nor speculative, but such as aimed at the *Romish* Faction, and a change of Policy, and that his Enemies wanted neither Power nor Occasion to call him to an Account in Publick, when he must either Apostatize, and shamefully give his former Life, yea, his own Conscience the Lie, or endure the

the utmoſt Malice of his dreadful Enemies; or forſake his Wife, Children, Friends, Goods, Authority, yea, his dear Country, and betake himſelf to a foreign People, there to endure a Thouſand Miſeries, that do continually wait upon a voluntary Exile.

Being thus Diſtracted, and toſſed by reſtleſs Waves of Doubt, without Guide to truſt to, or Heaven to fly to for Succours, on the ſudden, God's Spirit aſſiſting, he felt a Calm, and began to Diſcourſe with himſelf in this manner.

'Why wandereſt thou thus in Uncer-
'tainties, unhappy Man? Caſt away
'Fear; put on thy Shield, the Shield of
'Faith. Where is thy wonted Courage,
'thy Goodneſs, and Conſtancy? Re-
'member that Chriſt's Glory lies at
'Stake: Suffer thou without Fear, and
'he will Defend thee; he will tell thee
'what thou ſhalt Anſwer; he can beat
down all Danger; bring thee out of Priſon; raiſe thee from the Dead. Conſi-
'der *Peter* in a Dungeon; the Martyrs
'in the Fire. If thou makeſt a good
'Confeſſion, thou may'ſt indeed, go to
'Priſon, or Death, but an eternal Re-
'ward in Heaven remains for thee.

What

'What hast thou in this World compa-
'rable to eternal Life, to everlasting
'Happiness? If thou dost otherwise,
'think of the Scandal (*common People*
'*live by Example, thinking whatever is*
'*done, is well-done*) fear the Loss of
'Peace and Joy; fear Death, Hell, and
'eternal Wrath. Or, if the Flesh be so
'strong, as to cause thee to doubt of the
'Issue, fly thy Country, get thee away,
'tho' never so far, rather than deny
'the Lord of Life.

Now was *Spira* in reasonable Quiet, being resolv'd to yield to these weighty Reasons. Yet holding it Wisdom to Examin all Things, he consults also with Flesh and Blood. Thus the Battle doth renew, and the Flesh begins in this manner

'Be well advised, fond Man, consider
'Reason on both sides, and then Judge.
'How canst thou thus overcome thy
'Sufficiency, as thou neither regardest
'the Examples of thy Progenitors, nor
'the Judgment of the whole Church?
'Dost thou not consider what Misery
'this thy Rashness will bring thee un-
'to? Thou shalt lose all thy Substance
'gotten with so great Care and Tra-
'vail;

'vail; thou ſhalt undergo the moſt ex-
'quiſite Torments that Malice it ſelf
'can deviſe; thou ſhalt be counted an
'Heretick of all; and to cloſe up all,
'thou ſhalt Die ſhamefully. What
'thinkeſt thou of the loathſome ſtink-
'ing Dungeon, the bloody Axe, or the
'burning Faggot? Are they delight-
'ful? Be wiſe at length, and keep
'thy Life and Honour; thou may'ſt live
'to do much Good to Men, as God
'commands thee; thou may'ſt be an
'Ornament to thy Country, and put
'caſe, thy Country's Loſs would be of
'ſmall Eſteem with thee, wilt thou bring
'thy Friends alſo into Danger? Thou
'haſt begotten Children, wilt thou now
'cut their Throats, and inhumanly But-
'cher them, who may in time bring Ho-
'nour to their Country, Glory to God,
'Help and Furtherance to his Church?
'Go to the *Legate*, weak Man, freely
'confeſs thy Fault, and help all their
'Miſeries.

Thus did the Cares of this World, and the Deceitfulneſs of Riches choak the good Seed that was formerly ſown: So, as fearing, he faints, and yields unto the Allurements of this World; and being

being thus blinded, he goes to the *Legate* at *Venice*, and salutes him with this News.

Having for these divers Years entertain'd an Opinion concerning some Articles of Faith contrary to the Orthodox, and receiv'd Judgment of the Church, and utter'd many things against the Authority of the Church of Rome, *and the universal Bishop, I humbly acknowledge my Fault and Error, and my Folly in misleading others; I therefore yield my self in all Obedience to the supream Bishop of the Church of* Rome, *never to depart again from the Traditions and Decrees of the holy* See; *I am heartily sorry for what is past, and I humbly beg Pardon for so great an Offence.*

The *Legate* perceiving *Spira* to faint, he pursues to the utmost; he causes a Recitation of all his Errors to be drawn in Writing, together with the Confession annexed to it, and commands *Spira* to subscribe his Name thereto, which accordingly he did; then the *Legate* commands him to return to his own Town, and there to declare this Confession of his, and to acknowledge the whole

Doctrine

Doctrine of the Church of *Rome* to be Holy and True, and to abjure the Opinions of *Luther*, and other such Teachers, as False and Heretical.

[*Man knows not the Beginning of Sin, but who bounds the Issues thereof?*]

Spira having once lost Footing, goes down amain, he cannot stay, nor gainsay the *Legate*, but promiseth to accomplish his whole Will and Pleasure. He soon addresseth himself for his Journey, and being onward in the Way, bethinks himself of the large Spoils he had brought away, from the Conflict with the *Legate*; what glorious Testimony he had given of his great Faith and Constancy in Christ's Cause, and to be plain, how impiously he had deny'd Christ, and his Gospel at *Venice*; and what he promis'd to do farther in his own Country. And thus partly with Fear, and partly with Shame, being Confounded, he thought he heard a Voice speaking unto him in this manner:

'*Spira!* What do'st thou here? 'Whither goest thou? Hast thou unhappy Man, given thy Hand-Writing 'to the *Legate* at *Venice*? Yet see 'thou

'thou dost not Seal it in thine own
'Country. Dost thou, indeed, think
'eternal Life so mean, as that thou pre-
'ferrest this present Life before it?
'Dost thou well in preferring Wife and
'Children before Christ? Is the win-
'dy Applause of the People better, in-

'deed, than the Glory of God? And
'the Profession of this World's Good,
'more dear to thee than the Salvation
'of thine own Soul? Is the small use
'of a Moment of Time, more desirea-
'ble than eternal Wrath is dreadful?
'Think with thy self, what Christ did
'endure for thy sake; is it not equal
'thou should'st suffer somewhat for
'him? Remember, Man, that the
'Sufferings of this present Life, are not
'comparable to the Glory that shall be
'reveal'd. If thou Suffer'st with him,

'thou ſhalt alſo Reign with him. Thou 'canſt not Anſwer for what thou haſt 'already done; nevertheleſs the Gate 'of Mercy is not quite ſhut. Take 'heed that thou heapeſt not Sin upon 'Sin, leſt thou Repent when it be too 'late.

Now was *Spira* in the Wilderneſs of Doubt, not knowing which Way to turn him, nor what to do; yet being arriv'd in his own Country, and among his Friends, conſidering what he had done, and what he had farther promis'd to do, and how the Terror of God on the one ſide, and the Terror of this World on the other, did continually Rack him; and therefore he deſir'd their Advice in ſo doubtful a Caſe. His Friends, upon ſmall Deliberation, anſwer'd, That it was requiſite he ſhould take heed that he did not in any wiſe betray his Wife and Children, and all his Friends into Danger; ſeeing, that by ſo ſmall a Matter as the reciting of a little Schedule, which might be done in leſs Space than half an Hour, he might both free himſelf from preſent Danger, and preſerve many that depend

pend upon him; adding moreover, that he could get no Credit in relenting from that which he had already in the greatest part, form'd before the *Legate* at *Venice*; and that in the perfect Accomplishing thereof, little or no Discredit could arise, more than what by the former Action he had already sustain'd. On the other side, if he did not perform his Promise to the *Legate*, he could neither discharge himself of the Shame which he had already incurr'd, nor avoid far more heavy and insupportable Injuries, than probably he should have endur'd, if he had persisted obstinately in his former Opinions.

This was the last Blow of the Battle, and *Spira* utterly overcome, goes to the *Prætor*, and proffers to perform his Promise made to the *Legate*, who, in the mean time, had taken order to have all things ready, and had sent the Instrument of Abjuration Signed by *Spira*, to the *Prætor*, by the Hands of a certain Priest.

All that Night the miserable Man wears out with restless Cares, without any Minute of Rest; the next Morning being come, he gets up, and being rea-

dy, desperately enters into the publick Congregation, where Mass being finished, in the presence of Friends and Enemies, and of the whole Assembly, being by Estimation, near Two Thousand People; yea, and of Heaven it self, he recites that infamous Abjuration Word for Word, as it was written. It being done, he was Fined at Thirty Pieces of Gold, which he presently paid; Five whereof were given to the Priest that brought the Abjuration, the other Five-and-Twenty were employ'd towards the making of a *Shrine* to put the *Eucharist* in. Then was he sent Home; and restored to his Dignities, Goods, Wife, and Children. No sooner was he departed, but he thought he heard a direful Voice saying to him;

'Thou wicked Wretch, thou hast 'Denied me, thou hast Renounced the 'Covenant of thy Obedience; thou 'hast broken thy Vow, hence Apostate, 'bear with thee, the Sentence of thy 'eternal Damnation!

Trembling and quaking in Body and Mind, he fell down in a Swoon: Relief was

was at hand for the Body, but from that time forward, he never found any Peace or Ease of Mind, but continuing in unceſſant Torments, he proteſted that he was Captivated under the revenging Hand of the Great God; that he heard

continually that fearful Sentence of Chriſt, that juſt Judge, that he knew he was utterly undone; that he could neither Hope for Grace, nor Chriſt's Interceſſion with God the Father in his behalf. Thus was his Fault ever heavy on his Heart, and his Judgment, ever before his Eyes.

Now began ſome of his Friends to repent, too late, of their raſh Counſel; others, not looking ſo high as the juſt Judgment of God, laid all the Blame on his melancholly Conſtitution; *that* over-ſhadowing his Judgment, wrought in

him a kind of Madneſs. Evr'y one Cenſur'd as his Fancy led him; yet for Remedy all agreed in this, To uſe both the wholſome Help of Phyſicians, and the pious Advice of Divines; and therefore thought it fit to convey him to *Padua*, an Univerſity of Note, where plenty of all manner of Means was to be had.

This they accordingly did, both with his Wife, Children, and whole Family; others alſo of his Friends accompanying him: And being arrived at the Houſe of one *James Ardin*, in St. *Leonard*'s Pariſh, they ſent for Three eminent Phyſicians, who upon due Obſervation of the Effects, and of other Symptoms of his Diſeaſe, and ſome private Conference one with another amongſt themſelves, return'd this Anſwer: That they could not diſcern that his Body was afflicted with any Danger, or Diſtemper originally from it ſelf, by reaſon of the over-ruling of any Humour; but that this Malady of his, did ariſe from ſome Grief or Paſſion of his Mind, which being over-burden'd, did ſo oppreſs the Spirits, as they wanted free Paſſage; ſtirr'd up many ill Humours, where-

whereof the Body of Man is full; and these ascending up into the Brain, troubled the Fancy, shadowed the Seat of Judgment, and so corrupted it. This was the state of his Disease, and that outward Part that was visible to the Eye of Nature; this they endeavour'd to reform by Purgation, either to consume, or at least divert the Course of those Humours from the Brain: But all their Skill effected nothing; which *Spira* noting, said,

'Alas, poor Men! how far wide are 'you? Do you think, that this Dis- 'ease is to be cured by Potions? Be- 'lieve me, there must be another man- 'ner of Medicine; it is neither Plaster, 'nor Drugs, that can help a fainting 'Soul, cast down with the Sense of 'Sin, and Wrath of God; 'tis only 'Christ that must be the Physician, and 'the Gospel the Soul's Antidote.

The Physicians easily believed him, after they had understood the whole Truth of the matter, and therefore they wished him to seek some Spiritual Comfort.

By this time, the Fame of this Man was spread all over *Padua*, and the

neighbouring Country; partly, becauſe as the Diſeaſe, ſo the Occaſion was particularly Remarkable: For this was not done in a Corner; ſo as Daily there came Multitudes of all ſorts to ſee him, ſome out of Curioſity, only to ſee and Diſcourſe; ſome out of a pious Deſire to try all Means that might reduce him to Comfort again; or at leaſt, to Benefit themſelves by a Spectacle of Miſery, and of the Juſtice of God. Amongſt theſe *Paulus Vergerius*, Biſhop of *Juſtinopolis*, and *Matthæus Gribaldus*, deſerve eſpecially to be named, as the moſt principal Labourers for this Man's Comfort. They find him now about Fifty Years of Age, neither affected with the Dotage of Old Age, nor with the unconſtant head-ſtrong Paſſion of Youth, but in the Strength of his Experience and Judgment; In a burning Heat, calling exceſſively for Drink; yet his Underſtanding active, quick of Apprehenſion, witty in Diſcourſe, above his ordinary manner, and judiciouſly Oppoſite. His Friends labour'd with him by all fair Means to receive Nouriſhment, which he obſtinately gain-ſaying, they forcibly infuſed ſome liquid Suſtenance into his

his Mouth (most of which he spit out again, exceedingly chafing) and in this fretting Mood of his said,

'As it is true, that all things work for 'the best, to those that love God, so 'to the Wicked all are contrary: For 'whereas a plentiful Offspring is the 'Blessing of God, and his Reward, be-'ing a Stay to the weak Estate of their 'aged Parents, to me they are a Curse 'of Bitterness and Vexation; they do 'strive to make me tire out this; I 'would fain be at an end: O that I 'were gone from hence! that some Bo-'dy would let out this weary Soul!

His Friends saluted him, and asked him, What he conceived to be the Cause of his Disease? At which he broke out into a lamentable Discourse of the Passages formerly related, and that with such passionate Elocution, as caused many to Weep, and most to Tremble. They contrarily to Comfort him, propounded many of God's Promises recorded in the Scripture, and many Examples of God's Mercy.

My Sin (said he) *is greater than the Mercy of God.*

Nay, (*answer'd they*) the Mercy of God is above all Sin; God would have all Men to be Saved.

It's true, (quoth he) *He would have all that he hath Elected to be Saved; he would not have damned Reprobates to be Saved: I am one of that Number, I know it; for I willingly, and against my Knowledge, denied Christ, and I feel that he Hardens, and will not suffer me to Hope.*

After some Silence, one ask'd him, Whether he did not believe that Doctrine to be true, for which he was Accus'd before the *Legate*? He answer'd, *I did Believe it, when I Deny'd it; but now I neither Believe that, nor the Doctrine of the* Roman *Church: I Believe nothing, I have no Faith, no Trust, no Hope. I am a Reprobate, like* Cain, *or* Judas, *who casting away all Hope of Mercy fell into Despair; and my Friends do me great Wrong, that they suffer me not to go to the Place of Unbelievers, as I justly deserve.*

Here they began sharply to Rebuke him; requiring and charging him, that in any wise he did not violate the Mercy of God. To which he answer'd, *The Mercy of God is exceeding large, and extends to all the Elect, but not to me, or*

any

any like to me, who are Sealed up to Wrath. I tell you I deserve it; my own Conscience Condemns me, what needs any other Judge?

Christ came (*say they*) to take away Sin, *Rom.* 2. 5. And calling for a Book, they read unto him the Passion of Christ, and coming to his Nailing to the Cross, *Spira* said, *This indeed is Comfortable to such as are Elected; but as for me, Wretch, they are nothing but Grief and Torment, because I contemn'd them.*

Thus roaring for Grief, and tossing himself up and down the Bed as he lay, he entreated them to Read no more.

As *Gribauldus* was coming to see him, *Vergerius* said to *Spira*, Dear Sir, here is Dr. *Gribauldus*, a Godly and Faithful Friend of yours, come to see you. He is Welcome, *said he*, but he shall find me Ill. *Gribauldus* replied, Sir, this is but an Illusion of the Devil, who doth what he can to Vex you; but turn you to God with your whole Heart, and he is ready to shew you Mercy; the Lord you know is full of Mercy, it is he that hath said, *That as often as a Sinner shall repent of his Sin, he will remember his Sin no more.* Consider this in the Example of *Peter*, that was Christ's Familiar and

Apostle,

Apoſtle, who Denied him Thrice, and for all that, did not God graciouſly Reſpect him in the laſt Minute of his Life? Is the Lord's Hand now ſhortned, that it cannot ſave?

To this *Spira* anſwer'd, 'If *Peter* 'Grieved and Repented, it was becauſe 'Chriſt beheld him with a merciful 'Eye, and in that he was Pardon'd; it 'was not becauſe he Wept, but be-'cauſe God was gracious to him. But 'God reſpects not me, and therefore 'I am a Reprobate. I feel no Comfort 'can enter into my Heart; there's only 'place there for Torments and Vex-'ings of Spirit; I tell you, my Caſe is 'properly mine own; no Man was ev-'er in the like Condition, and there-'fore my State is fearful.

Then roaring out in the Bitterneſs of his Spirit, ſaid, *It's a fearful thing to fall into the Hands of the Living God!* The Violence of his Paſſion, and Action ſuitable, did amaze many of the Beholders; inſomuch as ſome of them ſaid, with whiſpering Voices, that he was Poſſeſs'd. He over-hearing it, ſaid, Do you doubt it? I have a whole Legion of Devils which take up their Dwelling in

in me, and possess me as their own; and justly too, for I have denied Christ. *Did you it Willingly, or not?* said they. That's nothing to the purpose, *(said Spira)* Christ saith, Whosoever denies Me before Men, him will I deny before my Father which is in Heaven. Christ will not be denied, no not in a Word; and therefore it is enough, though in Heart I never denied him.

They observing his Distemper arise from the Sense and Horror of the Pains of Hell, ask'd him, If he thought there were worse Pains than what he endur'd for the present, he said, That he knew there were far worse Pains than those he then suffer'd; *For the Wicked shall rise to their Judgment, but they shall not stand in Judgment*, Psal. 1. *This I tremble to think of; yet I do desire nothing more than that I might come to that Place where I may be sure to feel the worst, and to be freed from Fear of Worse to come.*

Ay, but you are to Consider (*said one*) that those Opinions, for which you were accus'd before the *Legate*, were Impious, and therefore you are not to think you denied Christ, but rather that you Confess'd him, acknowledging the

the Infallible Truth of the Catholick Church. Truly, *said he*, when I did deny those Opinions, I did think them to be true, and yet I did deny them.

Go now then, *said others*, and Believe that they are true. Now I cannot (*said he*) God will not suffer me to Believe them, nor Trust in his Mercy; What would you have me to do? I would fain attain to this Power, but cannot, tho' I should presently be Burn'd for it. But, why do you (*said the other*) esteem this so great a Sin, when as the learned *Legate* constrain'd you to it; which surely he would not have done, if your former Opinions be not Erroneous? No, good *Francis*, the Devil besets thee; let not the Grievousness of any Sin (if any such be) amaze thee.

You say right, (said *Spira*) the Devil hath possess'd me, and God hath left me to his Power; for I find I can neither Believe the Gospel, nor Trust in God's Mercy; I have sinned against the Holy Ghost, and God by his immutable Decree hath bound me over to perpetual Punishment, without any Hopes of Pardon. It's true, that the Greatness of Sins, not the Multitude

of

of them, bind not God's Mercy; all those Sins that in the former part of my Life I have committed, then did not so much Trouble me; for I trusted God would not lay them to my Charge: Now, having Sinn'd against the Holy Ghost, God hath taken away from me all Power of Repentance, and brings all my Sins to Remembrance; and Guilty of One, Guilty of All. And therefore it is no matter whether my Sins be great or small, few or many; they be such as Christ's Blood, nor God's Mercy belongs not to me. *God will have Mercy on whom he will have Mercy, and whom he will he Hardneth.* This is it that gnaws my Heart, he hath Hardned me; and I find that he daily more and more doth Harden me; and therefore I am out of Hope; I feel it, therefore cannot but Despair. I tell you, there was never such a Monster as I am; never was any Man alive, such a Spectacle of exceeding Misery. I know that Justification is to be expected by Christ, and I denied and abjured it, to the end I might keep this frail Life from Adversity, and my Children from Poverty; and now behold, how Bitter this

this Life is to me! and God only knows what ſhall become of this my Family; but ſure no Good is like to betide it; but Worſe and Worſe, and ſuch a Ruin at length, as one Stone ſhall not be left upon another.

But why ſhould you (ſaid *Gribauldus*) conceit ſo deeply of your Sin, ſeeing you cannot but know, that many have Denied Chriſt, yet never fell into Deſpair?

Well, (ſaid he) *I can ſee no Ground of Comfort for ſuch; neither can I warrant them from God's revenging Hand, or that he will yet ſuffer ſuch to be in Peace; and beſides, there will a Time of Danger come, and they ſhall be thoroughly Tried; and if it were not ſo, yet God is Juſt in making me an Example to others, and I cannot juſtly Complain; there is no Puniſhment ſo great, but I have deſerved it, for this ſo heinous Offence: I aſſure you, it is no ſmall matter to Deny Chriſt, and yet it is more ordinary than commonly Men do conceive of; It is not a Denial made before a Magiſtrate, as it is with me; for as oft as a Chriſtian doth Diſſemble the known Truth, as often as he approves of Falſe Worſhip, by preſenting himſelf at it; ſo often as he doth not things*

worthy

worthy of his Calling, so often he Denies Christ. Thus did I, and therefore am justly Punished for it.

Your Estate (quoth *Gribauldus*) is not so strange as you make it: *Job* was so far gone, that he complained God had set him as a Mark against him; and *David* that was a Man after God's own Heart, complained often that God had forsaken him, and was become his Enemy; yet both received Comfort again. Comfort your self, therefore, God will come at length, though he seem a far off.

O Brother (answer'd *Spira*) I Believe all this; the *Devils Believe and Tremble*: But *David* was ever Elected, and dearly-beloved of God; and though he fell, yet God took not utterly away his Holy Spirit, and therefore was heard when he prayed, *Lord, take not thy Holy Spirit from me!* But I am in another Case, being ever Accursed from the Presence of God; neither can I Pray as he did, because his Holy Spirit is quite gone, and cannot be recall'd, and therefore I know I shall live in continued Hardness so long as I live. Oh! that I might feel but the least Sense of the Love

Love of God to me, though but for one ſmall Moment, as I now feel his heavy Wrath, that burns like Torments of Hell within me, and afflicts my Conſcience with Pangs unutterable. Verily Deſperation is Hell it ſelf!

Here *Gribauldus* ſaid, I do verily believe, *Spira*, that God having ſo ſeverely Chaſtiſed you in this Life, Correcteth you in Mercy here, that he may ſpare you hereafter, and that he hath Mercy ſealed up for you in Time to come.

Nay, ſaid *Spira*, hence do I know that I am a Reprobate, becauſe he afflicteth me with Hardneſs of Heart. O that my Body had ſuffered all my Life long, ſo that he would be pleas'd to releaſe my Soul, and eaſe my Conſcience, this burthen'd Conſcience!

Gribauldus being willing to eaſe his Mind from the continual Meditation of his Sins; as alſo to ſound how for the the preſent he ſtood affected to the *Romiſh* Church, ask'd him what he thought became of the Souls of Men, ſo ſoon as they departed out of the Body? To which he anſwer'd;

Although

Although this be not so fully revealed in Scripture, yet I verily believe that the Souls of the Elect go presently to the Kingdom of Glory, and not that they Sleep in the Body, as some do imagine.

Very well, (said one of the Spectators) why do the Scriptures then say, 1 *Sam.* 2. 9. that God brings down to Hell, and raiseth up, seeing it cannot be meant of the State of the Soul after Death, which, as thou say'st, either goeth to Heaven without Change, or to Hell without Redemption, it must be understood of the State of the Soul in this Life, like that wherein thou art at this present: and often-times we see that God suffers Men to fall into the Jaws of Despair, and yet raiseth them up again; and therefore Despair not, but Hope; it shall be even thus with thee, in his good time.

This is the Work, (quoth *Spira*) this is the Labour! For I tell you, when I at *Venice* did first abjure my Profession, and so, as it were, drew an Indenture, the Spirit of God often admonished me, and when at *Citadella*, I did, as it were, set my Seal, the Spirit of God often Sug-

Suggested to me, *Do not Write*, Spira! *Do not* Seal! Yet resisted I the Holy

Ghost, and did both; and at that very present, I did evidently feel a Wound in my very Will; so altho' I can say, I would Believe, yet I cannot say, I will Believe. God hath denied me the Power of Will, and it befalls me in this my State, as with one that is fast in Irons, and his Friends coming to see him, do pity his State, and persuade him to shake off his Fetters, and come out of his Bonds, which, God knows, he would fain do, but cannot. This is my very case; you persuade me to Believe, how fain would I do it, but cannot. O now I cannot!

Then violently grasping his Hands together, and raising himself up,

Be-

Behold, (saith he) I am Strong, yet by little and little I Decay and Consume; and my Servants would fain preserve this weary Life, but at length the Will of God must be done; and I shall perish miserably, as I deserve. Rejoice ye Righteous in the Lord, blessed are you whose Hearts the Lord hath mollified.

Then after some Pause, he went on I earnestly desire to Pray to God with my Heart, yet I cannot; I see my Damnation, and I know my Remedy is only in Christ, yet I cannot set my self to take hold on it. Such are the Punishments of the Damned, they repent of their Loss of Heaven, they cannot mend their Ways.

As he was thus speaking, he observed divers Flies that came about him, and lighted

lighted on him; *Behold*, said he; *now also* Belzebub *comes to his Banquet; you shall shortly see my End; and in me, an Example to many, of the Justice and Judgment of* God.

About this Time came in Two Bishops (with divers Scholars of the University) one of them *Paulus Vergerius*, having observ'd *Spira* more than any other, being continually Conversant with him, told him, That his State was such, as rather stood in need of Prayer than Advice; and therefore desir'd him to Pray with him in the Lord's Prayer: *Spira* consented, and he began.

[*Our Father which art in Heaven,*]

Then breaking forth into Tears, he stop'd, but they said It is well, your Grief is a good Sign ——

I bewail, *said he*, my Misery, for I perceive I am forsaken of God, and cannot call to him from my Heart, as I was wont to do.——

Yet let us go on, said *Vergerius*.

[*Thy Kingdom come.*]

O

O Lord, said *Spira*, bring me also into this Kingdom; I beseech Thee shut me not out.

[*Give us this Day our daily Bread.*]

O Lord, *added he*, I have enough, and abundance to feed this Carcass of mine, but there is another Bread; I humbly beg the Bread of thy Grace, without which, I know I am but a dead Man.

[*Lead us not into Temptation.*]

Seeing, Lord, that I am brought into Temptation, help me, Lord, that I may escape; the Enemy hath overcome, help me, I beseech thee, to overcome this cruel Tyrant.

These things he spake with a mournful Voice, the Tears trickling down abundantly; and expressing such Affection and Passion, as turned the Bowels of those there present with Grief and Compunction.

They then turning to *Spira*, said, You know that none can call Christ Jesus, *the Lord*, but by the Holy Ghost: You must

must therefore think of your self, according to that soft Affection, which you express in your Prayers; inferring thereby, that God hath not wholly cast you off, or bereav'd you of his Spirit utterly.

I perceive (said *Spira*) that I call to him to my eternal Damnation; for I tell you again, it is a new and unheard of Example, that you find in me.

If *Judas*, said they, had but outlived his Days, which by Nature he might have done, he might have Repented, and Christ would have received him to Mercy, and yet he Sinned most grievously against his Master, which did so esteem him, as to Honour him with the Dignity of an Apostle, and did maintain and feed him.

He answer'd, Christ did also Feed and Honour me, neither yet is my Fault one jot less than that of his, because it is no more Honour to be personally present with Christ in the Flesh, than to be in his Presence by Illumination of his Holy Spirit. Besides, I deny that ever *Judas* could have Repented how long soever he had liv'd; for Grace was quite taken from him, as it is now with me.

O *Spira*, said they, you know you are in a Spiritual Desertion, you must therefore not believe what Satan suggests; he was ever a Liar from the Beginning, and a meer Impostor and will cast a Thousand Lying Fancies into your Mind, to beguile you withal; you must rather believe those whom you judge to be in a good State, and more able to discern of you than your self; Believe us, and we tell you, That God will be merciful unto you.

There is the Knot (said *Spira*) would I could Believe, but I cannot.

Then he began to reckon up what fearful Dreams and Visions he was continually troubled withal; that he saw the Devils come flocking into the Chamber and about his Bed, Terrifying him with strange Noises; that those were not Fancies, but that he knew them as really as the Standers by. And that besides these outward Terrors, he felt continually a racking Torture in his Mind, and a continual Butchery of his Conscience, being the very proper Pangs of the Damned Wights in Hell.

Cast away these Fancies (said *Gribaldus*); these are but Illusions, Hum-

ble your self in the Presence of God, and praise him.

'The Dead praise not the Lord, 'answer'd he) nor they that go down 'into the Pit. We that are drowned 'in Despair, are dead, and already 'gone down into the Pit: What Hell 'can be worse than Desperation, or 'what greater Punishment? The 'gnawing Worm, unquenchable Fire, 'Horror, Confusion, and (which is 'worse than all) Desperation it self, 'continually tortures me; and now I 'count my present State worse than if 'my Soul separated from my Body, 'were with *Judas*, and the rest of the 'Damned, and therefore now desire 'rather to be there, than to live in the 'Body.

One being present, repeated certain Words of the Psalms, *If thy Children forsake the Law, and walk not in my Judgments, I will visit their Transgressions with Rods, and their Iniquity with Stripes; nevertheless my loving Kindness I will not utterly take from them, nor suffer my Faithfulness to fail.* Mark this, O *Spira*, *My Covenant I will not break.*

These Promises (said *Spira*) belong only

only to the Elect, which if Tempted, may fall into Sin, but are again lifted up, and recover'd out, as the Prophet saith; *Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down; for the Lord upholdeth him*; therefore *Peter* could rise, for he was Elected; but the Reprobates when they fall, cannot rise again, as appears in *Cain*, *Saul*, and *Judas*. God deals one way with the Elect, and another with the Reprobates.

The next Day he Prayed with them in the *Latin* Tongue, and that with excellent Affection, as outwardly appeared. Blessed be God, (said *Vergerius*) these are no Signs of Eternal Reprobation, you must not O *Spira*, seek out the secret Counsels of God's Election and Reprobation; for no Man can know, so long as he lives, whether by his good or bad Deeds, he be worthy of God's Love or Anger. Do you not know, that the Prophet *David* complained, that God had cast off his Soul?

'I know all this, quoth *Spira*, I know 'the Mercies of God are infinite, and 'do surpass the Sins of the whole 'World, and that they are effectual 'to all that believe; but this Faith,

'and this Hope is the Gift of God: 'O that he would give it me! But 'it is as impoſſible, as to drink up the 'Sea at a Draught: As for that of '*Solomon*, if he had ever taſted that 'which I feel by woful Experience, 'he would never have ſpoken as he 'did; but the Truth is, never had 'Mortal Man ſuch an evident Expe-'rience of God's Anger and Hatred 'againſt him as I have. You that 'are in a good State, think Repen-'tance and Faith to be a work of great 'Facility: And therefore you think 'it an eaſy matter to perſuade Men 'to believe; The Whole need not 'the Phyſician; and he that is Well, can 'ſoon give Counſel to ſuch as are Ill; 'but this is the Hell to me; my Heart 'is hardned, I cannot believe; many 'are called, but few are choſen.

Upon what Ground (ſaid they) do you conceive ſo ill an Opinion of your ſelf?

'I once did know God to be my 'Father, not only by Creation, but by 'Regeneration; I knew him by his 'beloved Son, the Author and Finiſh-'er of our Salvation; I could pray to 'him

'him and Hope for Pardon of Sin from 'him, I had a Taste of his Sweetness, 'Peace and Comfort; now contrarily, I 'know God not as a Father, but as 'an Enemy: What more? My Heart 'hates God, and seeks to get above 'him. I have nothing else to fly to, 'but Terror and Despair.

Belike you think, then (said they) that those that have the Earnest and first Fruits of God's Spirit may notwithstanding fall away.

'The Judgments of God are a deep 'Abyss, said he, we are soon Drown-'ed if we enter into them; he that 'thinketh he standeth, let him take 'heed least he fall; as for my self I 'know I am fallen back, and that I 'once did know the Truth, though it 'may not be so thoroughly; I know 'not what to say, but that I am one 'of that Number which God hath 'threatned to tear in Pieces.

Say not so, answer'd they, for God may come, though at the last Hour; keep hold therefore at the Last by Hope.

'This quoth he, is my Case; I tell 'you, I cannot God; hath Deprived

'me of Hope; this brings Terror to
'my Mind, and pines this Body which
'now is ſo Weak, as it cannot per-
'form the ſeveral Offices thereof:
'For as the Elect have the Spirit teſ-
'tifying that they are the Sons of
'God; ſo the Reprobates, even while
'they do live, do often feel a Worm
'in their Conſcience, whereby they
'are condemned already: And there-
'fore as I perceived this Wound in-
'flicted on my Mind and Will, I knew
'that I wanted the Gifts of Saving
'Grace, and that I was utterly un-
'done. God chaſteneth his Children
'without temporary Afflictions, that
'they may come as Gold out of the
'Fire; but puniſheth the Wicked
'with Blindneſs in their Underſtand-
'ings, and Hardneſs of Heart, and
'Woe be to ſuch, from whom God
'takes his Holy Spirit.

Here one Rebuked him, and told him he gave too much credit to Senſe, that he was not to believe himſelf, but rather him that was in good Eſtate, and I teſtifie unto you (ſaid he) that God will be merciful to you.

'Nay, anſwer'd he, again, Becauſe I
'am in this ill State, therefore can I

'believe nothing but what is contrary to my Salvation and Comfort; 'but you that are so soon confident 'of your good Estate, look that it 'be true, for it is no such small 'matter to be assur'd of Sincerity. A 'Man had need be exceeding strongly Grounded in the Truth, before 'he can be able to Affirm such a Matter as ye now do; It's not the Performance of a few formal Duties, 'but a mighty constant Labour, with 'all Intention of Heart and Affection, 'with full desire and Endeavour continually, to set forth God's Glory; 'there must be neither Fear of Legators, Inquisitors, Prisons, nor any 'Death whatsoever: Many think 'themselves happy, that are not; it is 'not every one that saith, *Lord, Lord,* 'that shall go to Heaven.

They came another Day, and found him with his Eyes shut, as if he had been Drouzie, and very Loath to Discourse; at which time there came in also a grave Man from *Cittadella*, who demanded of *Spira*, if he knew him or not? He lifting up his Eyelids, and not suddenly remembring him,

him, the Man said to him, *I am Presbyter, Antonio Fontanise*; I was with you at *Venice*, some eight Weeks since, 'O 'cursed Day, said *Spira*! Oh cursed day! 'Oh that I had never gone thither! 'Would to God I had then died!

Afterwards came in a *Priest* call'd *Bernardius Sardonius*, bringing with him a *Book of Exorcisms, to conjure this Devil*; *whom, when* Spira *saw, shaking his Head*, said;

'I am verily perswaded, indeed, 'that God hath left me to the Power 'of the Devils: But such they are, as 'are not to be found in your Litany, 'neither will they be cast out by Spells.

The Priest proceeding in his intended Purpose, with a strange and uncooth Gesture, and with a loud Voice, adjur'd the Spirit to come into *Spira*'s Tongue, and to answer: *Spira* deriding his fruitless Labour, with a Sigh turned from him.

A Bishop being there present, said to *Spira*, Brother, God hath put Virtue into the Word and Sacraments, and we have us'd the one Means, and we find not that Effect which we desire; shall we try the Efficacy of the Sacraments? Surely if you take it as a true Christian ought

to

to receive the Body and Blood of Christ, it will prove a sovereign Medicine for your sick Soul.

This I cannot do (answered he) for those that have no Right to the Promises, have no Right to the Seals. The Eucharist was appointed only for Believers; if we have no Faith we eat and drink Judgment to our selves. I receiv'd it about a Month since; but I did not well in so doing, for I took it by Constraint; and so I took it to my deeper Condemnation.

Here *Vergerius* began to importune him earnestly to beware that he did not wilfully resist Grace, and put himself out of Heaven, charging him vehemently, by all the Love that was between them, by the Love that he bare to his Children, yea, to his own Soul, that he would set himself seriously to return to that Faith and Hope which once he had in the Death of Christ, with many such like Words: *Spira* having heard much of the like Matter formerly, and being somewhat moved, said, You do but repeat *Vergerius*, What should I hope? Why should I Believe? God hath taken Faith from me, shew me then whi-

ther I ſhall go; ſhew me a Heaven whereto I ſhall retire. You tell me of God's Mercy, when as God hath caſt me off. You tell me of Chriſt's Interceſſion, I have Denied him. You Command me to Believe, I ſay, I cannot; you bring me no Comfort: your Command is as impoſſible for me to Obey, as to keep the Moral Law. If you ſhould perſuade one to Love God with all his Heart, Soul, and Strength, and God gives him no Power, can he perform your Deſire? Doth not the Church teach us to Sing, *Direct us, O Lord, to keep thy Commandments?* Hypocrites ſay, they Love God with all their Hearts, but they Lye; for my part, I will not Lye, but tell you plainly, ſuch is my Caſe, that though you ſhould never ſo much Importune me to Hope or Believe, though I deſire it, yet I cannot. For God, as a Puniſhment of my Wickedneſs, hath taken away from me all his ſaving Graces, as Faith Hope, and all. I am not the Man therefore that you take me for. Belike you think I delight in this State; if I could but conceive the leaſt Spark of Hope of

a better State, hereafter, I would not refuse to endure the most heavy Weight of the Wrath of that Great GOD, yea, for Twenty Thousand Years, so that I might at length attain to the End of that Misery, which I now know to be Eternal. —— But I tell you, my Will is Wounded. Who longs more to Believe than I do? — But all the Ground-Work of Hope is gone! —— For, if the Testimonies of the Holy Scriptures be True (as they are certainly True) is not this as True, *Whosoever Denies Me before Men, him* (says Christ) *will I deny before my Father which is in Heaven?*

Is not this justly my Case, (*continued he*) as if it had been intended against this very Person of mine? —— And I pray you, What shall become of such as Christ denieth, seeing there is no Name under Heaven whereby you look to be Saved?

What saith Saint *Paul* to the *Hebrews?* — *It is impossible for those who were once Enlightned, and have Tasted of the Heavenly Gifts, and were Partakers of the Holy Ghost, if they fall away,*

to

to be renew'd to Repentance. What can be more plain against me? Is not that Scripture also, *If we Sin wilfully after we have received the Knowledge of Truth, there remaineth no more Sacrifice for Sin, but a looking for of Judgment.* The Scripture speaks of me; St. *Paul* means me; St. *Peter* tells me, *It had been better I had never known the Way of Righteousness, than after I had known it, to turn from the holy Commandment.* It had been better I had not known, and yet then my Condemnation had been most certain. Do you not see evidently that I have wilfully deny'd the known Truth? I may justly expect, not only Damnation, but Worse, if Worse may be imagin'd. God will have me undergo the just Punishment of my Sin, and make me an Example of his Wrath for your Sakes.

The Company present admired his Discourse, so grievously Accusing himself of his fore-past Life; so gravely and wisely Debating, concerning the Judgments of God, that they then were Convinc'd, that it was not Frenzy or Madness that had possess'd him; and being, as it were, in Admiration of his

State,

State, *Spira* proceeded again in this manner.

'Take heed to yourselves, it is no 'light or easy Matter to be a Christi- 'an; it is not Baptism, or Reading of 'the Scriptures, or Boasting of Faith 'in Christ, (although even these are 'good) that can prove one to be an 'Absolute Christian. You know what 'I said before, there must be a Confor- 'mity in Life. A Christian must be 'Strong, Unconquerable, not carrying 'an obscure Profession, but Resolute, 'expressing the Image of Christ, and 'holding out against all Oppositi- 'ons to the last Breath; he must give 'all Diligence, by Righteousness and 'Holiness, to make his Calling and Elec- 'tion sure. Many they are that snatch 'at the Promises in the Gospel, as if 'they undoubtedly did belong to them, 'and yet remain Sluggish and Careless, 'and being Flattered by the Things 'of this present World, they pass on 'their Course in Quietness and Securi- 'ty, as if they were the only Happy 'Men, whom nevertheless the Lord 'in his Providence hath ordained to 'Eternal Wrath, as you may see in St.

'*Luke's*

'*Luke*'s rich Man. Thus it was with 'me, therefore take Heed.

Then came one of his Nephews, and offer'd him some Sustenance, which he disdainfully refusing, so moved the young Man's Choler, that he charg'd him with Hypocrisy and Dissimulation, or Frenzy, to whom *Spira* gravely answer'd, and said, *You may interpret the Matter as you will, but I am sure, I am not only the Actor, but the Argument and Matter of the Tragedy. I would it were Frenzy, either feigned or true; for if it were feign'd, I could then put it off at Pleasure, if it were a real Frenzy, yet there was some Hope of God's Mercy, whereas now there is none: For I know God has pronounc'd me an Enemy, and guilty of High-Treason against his Majesty. I am cast away as a Vessel of his Wrath, yet dare you call it Dissembling and Frenzy? And can you mock at the formidable Example of the heavy Wrath of God, that should teach you Fear and Terror? But it is natural for the Flesh, either out of Malice or Ignorance, to speak perversly of the Works of God. The Natural Man discerneth not the Things that be of God, because they are spiritually discern'd.*

How

How can it be, (said *Gribauldus*) that you can thus excellently Discourse of the Judgment of God, and of the Graces of his Holy Spirit? What! you find the Want of them, and earnestly desire them, and yet you think you are utterly depriv'd of them!

Take this for certain, (said he) *I want the main Grace of all, and that which is absolutely Necessary*; *and God doth many times extort most true and strange Testimonies of his Majesty's Justice and Mercy, yea out of the Mouths of meer Reprobates: For even* Judas, *after he had betray'd his Master, was constrain'd to confess his sin, and to justify the Innocency of Christ*; *and therefore if I do the like, it is no new or strange matter. God hath taken Faith from me, and left other common Gifts, for my deeper Condemnation. By how much the more I remember what I had, and hear others Discourse of what they have, by so much the more is my Torment, in that I know what I want, and now there is no Way to be reliev'd!*

Thus spake he, the Tears all the while trickling down; professing that his Pangs were such, as that the Damned

Damned Wights in Hell endure not the like Misery; that his State was worse than that of *Cain*, or *Judas*, and therefore he desir'd to Die.

Yet behold (said he) *the Scriptures are accomplish'd in me, They shall desire to Dye, and Death shall fly from them.*

And verily he seemed exceedingly to fear lest his Life should be drawn out yet longer, finding no Ease nor Rest, ever and anon crying out, *O miserable Wretch! O miserable Wretch!* Then turning to the Company, he besought them in this manner:

'O Brethren! take a diligent Heed 'to your Life; make more Account of 'the Gift of God's Spirit than I have 'done. Learn to bewail my Misery: 'think not you are assured Christians, 'because you understand something of 'the Gospel; take heed you grow not 'Secure on that Ground; be constant 'and immoveable in the Maintainance 'of your Profession; Confess even until Death, if you be call'd thereto; he 'that loveth Father and Mother, Brothers, Sisters, Sons, Daughters, Kindreds, Houses, or Lands, more than 'Christ, is not worthy of him.

These

These Words (*said they*) do not sound like the Words of a wicked Reprobate.

'I do but here imitate (*said* Spira) 'the rich Glutton in the Gospel, who, 'tho' in Hell, was careful that his Brethren should not come to that Place 'of Torment. And I say to you, Brethren, Take heed of this miserable 'Estate wherein I am.

Then turning himself to certain young Men that were present, he desired them to conceive him aright.

'I do not speak this, *said he*, to derogate from the Certainty of saving 'Faith, and the Promises of the Gospel, for they are most sure; but take 'heed of Relying on that Faith that works not a holy and unblameable 'Life, worthy of a Believer. Credit 'me, it will fail; I have try'd; I presum'd I had gotten the right Faith; 'I preach'd it to others; I had all 'Places in Scripture in Memory, that 'might support it; I thought my self 'sure, and in the mean time living 'Impiously and Carelesly, and behold 'now the Judgment of God hath o'vertaken me, not to Correction, but

'to

'to Condemnation: —— And now 'you would have me to Believe, but 'it will not be; for I feel too late, 'that good Things belong only to 'ſuch as are good, whoſe Sins are 'cover'd with Chriſt's Death and Blood 'as with a Veil, and guarded with his 'righteous Merits, from the Flood of 'God's Wrath, even as with a mighty 'Wall, leſt miſerable Mortals ſhould 'be ſwallow'd up with the Greatneſs 'of their Sins. But as for me, I have 'as it were, wilfully with my Hands 'pull'd down the Ramparts, behind 'which I might have reſted in ſafety. 'And now are the ſwelling Waters 'come even to my Soul, and I am caſt 'away!

One of his familiar Friends chanc'd to ſay, That certainly he was overcome with Melancholly; which being over-heard, *Spira* anſwer'd.

'Well, be it ſo, (*reply'd he*) ſeeing 'you will needs have it ſo. Thus alſo 'is God's Wrath manifeſted againſt 'me, in that he hath taken from me the 'Uſe of my Underſtanding and Rea'ſon, ſo as I can neither rightly Eſteem 'and Judge of my Diſtemper, nor

'Hope

'Hope of Remedy. You ſee, Brethren, 'what a dangerous thing it is, to ſtop 'or ſtay in things that concern God's 'Glory; eſpecially to Diſſemble upon 'any Terms. What a fearful thing it 'is to be near, and almoſt a Chriſtian? Never was the like Example 'to this of mine; and therefore if you 'be Wiſe, you will ſeriouſly Conſider thereof.—— O that God would 'let looſe his Hand from me, that it 'were with me now, as in times paſt! I 'would ſcorn all Threats of the moſt 'cruel Tyrants, bear Torments with 'invincible Reſolution, Glory in the 'outward Profeſſion of Chriſt, 'till I 'were choak'd in the Flames, and my 'Body conſum'd to Aſhes.

You ſay you are Deſperate, O *Spira*, (ſaid they) Why then do you not ſtrive with ſome Weapon or other, violently to make an End of your Life, as Deſperate Men uſe to do?

Let me have a Sword, (ſaid *Spira*.)

Why, what would you do with it? (*quoth they.*)

I cannot tell you (ſaid he) *what this Mine would move me to upon Occaſion, nor what I would do.*

They

They perceiving small Effects of all this their Labour, but rather that he grew worse; for the avoiding of a Concourse of People; for every Day seldom fewer than Twenty continued with him; and to stop the Course of Fame, which was continually blown abroad of him, they consulted to carry him back again into his own Country; and those of his Friends that came to Comfort him, began to take their last Leave of him. *Vergerius*, among the rest, requir'd, That at their Parting, they might Pray together with him. *Spira* hardly consented, and as unwillingly performed;

'For, *said he*, my Heart is estranged 'from God; I cannot call him Father 'from my Heart; all good Motions are 'quite gone; my Heart is full of Ma'lediction, Hatred, and Blasphemy a'gainst God; I find I grow more and 'more Hardned in Heart, and cannot 'stop nor hold my self: Your Prayers 'for me shall turn to your own Profit, 'they cannot do me any Good.

Vergerius then came to take his Leave of him; whom *Spira* embracing, said;

'Although

'Although I know that nothing can 'bring any Benefit to me a Repro-'bate; but that every Thing ſhall tend 'to my deeper Condemnation; yet I 'give you moſt hearty Thanks for 'your kind Office, of the Love and 'good Will; and the Lord return it 'unto you, with a plentiful Increaſe 'of all good.

The next Day being brought down to his intended Journey, by the Way, looking round about him, with a ghaſtly Look, he ſaw a Knife, lying on a Table, to which he running haſtily, ſnatch'd hold of it, as intending to Miſchief himſelf; but his Friends laying hold of him, ſtopp'd him in his purpoſe: —— Whereupon with Indignation he ſaid, *I would I were above God, for I know he will have no Mercy on me.*

Thus went he Homewards, often ſaying, That he envy'd the Condition of *Cain* and *Judas*: He lay about eight Weeks in this Condition, in a continual Burning, neither deſiring, nor receiving any thing but by force, and that without Digeſtion, ſo ſpent, that he appear'd a perfect Anatomy, expreſſing to the View

nothing

nothing but Sinews and Bones; vehemently raging for Drink; ever Pining, yet fearful to live long; dreadful of Hell, yet coveting Death; in a continual Torment, yet his own Tormentor. And thus consuming himself with Grief and Horror, Impatience and Despair, like a living Man in Hell, he represented an extraordinary Example of the Justice and Power of God.

And thus (as far as appeareth) within a few Days after his arrival at his own Home, he departed this present Life. Yet an Occasion to make us remember, That secret things belong unto the Lord our God, but Charity to Man, to teach him to Hope all things.

A RELATION

Of the Fearful Eſtate OF

John Child.

HE was Born at *Bedford*, aBout the Year 1638, and when he was grown up, put an Apprentice to an Handicraft Trade; which, when he came to Age, he follow'd for ſometime; afterwards he betook himſelf to another Calling, and removed to *Newport-Pagnel*, where he lived divers Years, married Twice, and by his laſt Wife (of honeſt Parentage, and good Report) he had ſeveral Children; after his ſecond Marriage, in appearance he increas'd in his Eſtate. About Five Years

Years ſince he remov'd to *London*, and in *October* 1684, he ended his Days by Hanging himſelf in a Houſe he had taken the Spring before in *Brick-Lane* near *Spittle-Fields*.

He was endu'd with a competent Meaſure of Natural Parts, and Vivacity of Spirit. In his Youth he apply'd himſelf to the Reading and Studying of the Scriptures, and attain'd to a greater Knowledge in Matters of Religion, than many of his Equals in Years and Education. In his Opinion and Practice he was for the Baptiſm of Believers, and conſorted with ſome of them who are called *Anabaptiſts*, for above Twenty Years; and for divers Years, at Seaſons, exercis'd himſelf in Preaching.

He was obſerv'd for ſome Years before his dreadful Fall, to be very remiſs in Religious Exerciſes; and in his ordinary Converſation to frequent other Company than he had done in former Times.

He was of a very haughty Spirit, and peremptory in aſſerting his Opinions. He ſought to exalt himſelf above what became either his Profeſſion, or Attainments.

ments. All which, when the Hand of God was heavy upon him, he freely acknowledg'd, with severe Charges againſt himſelf for his Pride and Hypocriſy, as you will find in the following Relations.

In the Year 1682, he publiſh'd *A Second Argument* for a more full and firm Union amongſt all good Proteſtants; which Title, it ſeems, was made up of Words ſofter than Oyl, yet were they as drawn Swords, and caſt him into ſome Diſtreſs of Mind, which he only ſignify'd to ſome of his intimate Acquaintance, that his Mind was perplext for what he had therein done.

About the beginning of *July*, 1684, he could not bear or conceal the Horrors of his Mind, but ſpake of it to ſome, and ſent to ſeveral others of his Acquaintance, to come to him to whom he diſclos'd his miſerable Condition, and the Occaſion thereof, in ſuch manner, as that it became publickly known, and occaſion'd great Talk, and a daily reſort of a vaſt concourſe of People: Among the reſt, Mr. *Dennis* has given the World this Narrative following.

MY Acquaintance (*says he*) with Mr. *Child*, was about 15 Years ſtanding. About Two Years ſince, meeting with a Book of his, I went preſently and gave him a Viſit, and found him in his Chamber, in a very penſive Poſture, and his Eyes red with Tears. He immediately acknowledg'd he was the Author of it, and bitterly Exclaim'd againſt himſelf, that he wrote it in Malice, and by the Inſtigation of the Devil, from very ill Principles of Pride, Vain-Glory, and Hypocriſy. I quickly found the Wound upon his Spirit was very deep, and therefore forbore all Aggravations, and endeavour'd to adminiſter ſome ſpiritual Relief to him.

After this, in his Diſcourſe to others, he ſeem'd not to have ſo ſharp a Senſe upon his Mind; but, for ought I could obſerve, the Sore continu'd feſtering inwardly, from the firſt time he reflected upon his publiſhing of that Book, to the end of his miſerable Life; tho' it break not out openly till about *July*.

About *Auguſt* I gave him another Viſit, and then found him (tho' naturally of a ſtrong Conſtitution, and lively Spirit)

rit) ſo exceedingly ſhaken, that the Horror of the Sight made ſuch deep Impreſſions, as I think will, at all Seaſons, recur, and ſet it ſelf before me afreſh, as long as I live. His Speech was very Regular, which diſcovered his Memory to be good, and that his Diſtemper had not ſeiz'd his Head, but his Heart. He freely diſcovered the Grief of his Mind, expreſſing and ſetting forth his Condition to be moſt Deplorable, as having no Hopes of Salvation. I laid before him, with the greateſt tenderneſs, the Freeneſs and Riches of God's Grace, chuſing to Argue from his own former declared Opinion, againſt the Limiting of it, but could faſten no Word of Conſolation, or Hope upon him.

With ſome Reluctancy he granted me Liberty to Pray with him but ſaid, —— His Spirit was ſhut up, he could not Pray. And whilſt I was Praying, he often Groaned; and after I had ended, told me, — God would make him a terrible Example to this preſent Age; and tho' he was full of Benignity, yet he was alſo a Terrible God, being provoked.

These Expressions, and the Horror that appeared in his Eyes, and all parts of his Body, drew many Tears from mine Eyes, and render'd the Spectacle so dreadful, that I cannot say (as is reported of one that visited *Francis Spira*, that he would go a Thousand Miles to see another *Spira*; but on the contrary) I desire I may never see the like Spectacle again whilst I live in the World.

He told me he thought (either in a Dream, or when he was awake, he could not tell which) that I should say to him, If he dy'd the common Death of all Men, the Lord had not spoken by me. I answer'd, He better knew the Temper of my Spirit and Principles, than to conceive such a Thought of me, or that I should take up the Words of the Prophet of God divinely inspir'd, and apply them to him. But all I could say, abated nothing of the Horror of his Soul, that I could perceive.

Thus Mr. *Dennis*, who so earnestly sollicited him to lay hold on the Free Grace of God, yet he was altogether fear'd and harden'd, under the daily Prayers and Efforts of good and gracious

ous Men; containing still more Desperate, to the great Affliction of all his Friends and Relations, who Commiserated his Case in a tender and compassionate manner.

About the middle of *July*, 1684, Mr. *Keach* went to see Mr. *Child*, to whom Mr. *Child* own'd he was the Author of the aforesaid Book, with bitter and dolorous Outcries; upbraiding himself with Malice and Envy against the People of God, desiring him to go up Stairs with him, and then farther signify'd to him his deplorable Condition, and what Horror and Anguish of Soul he lay under, and that there was no Mercy for him.

Soon after Mr. *K.* was sent for by him, who found him in Bed rolling and tumbling up and down in a lamentable manner, enough to pierce one's Heart. He said to him, — Mr. Child, *I thought by your Deportment, when you was at my House, the Burden was pretty well off*: Or to that effect.

Mr. Child. *No, no, my Burden is greater than I can bear. ----I would fain be satisfied as touching one thing.*

Mr. *Keach.* What is that ?

Mr. Child. *Whether my Sin may not be that againſt the Holy Ghoſt ?*

Mr. *K.* I hope and believe it is not ?

Mr. Child. *But I wrote the Book out of Malice.*

Mr. *K.* There is a great deal of difference between doing a thing out of Malice and Prejudice againſt the Lord's People, and acting out of Malice againſt Chriſt himſelf, or doing Deſpite to the Spirit of Grace. I do not doubt but that you had always holy and reverend Dread, and Reſpect to the Name of God, tho' you might take up a great Offence againſt ſome of his People.

Mr. *Child.* I have often had the Scriptures brought to me, *Pſalm* 50. 23, 20. *Thou giveſt thy Mouth to Evil, and with thy Tongue thou forgeſt Deceits ; Thou ſitteſt and ſpeakeſt againſt thy Brother, and ſlandereſt thy Mother's Son :* And of that which follows : *Conſider this, ye that forget God, leſt I tare you in pieces.*

Mr. *Keach.* But pray obſerve, Tho' you ſhould be guilty of that great Evil there mentioned, yet there is Ground of Hope, in that you are exhorted to

Conſider

Conſider. And uſed many Arguments to perſuade him to rely on the Mercy of God, thro' Chriſt, mentioning that Paſſage of the Prophet *David*; *Forgive me my Sin, for it is great*; and how Wonderfully he had manifeſted and magnified the Attribute of his Mercy, in pardoning great and bloody Sinners.

Here Mr. *Child* breaking forth into bitter Tears, cried out, *I know that the Majeſty of Heaven is a good and gracious Being; yet when Provoked,* (ſtretching forth his Hands in a frightful manner) *he is a terrible God!*

Mr. *Keach.* I think it neceſſary that you Retract what you have Written in that Book; for that I think nothing ſhort of it, will be a Demonſtration of the Sincerity of your Heart, and Proof of the Truth of your Repentance.

Mr. Child. *I have began to Write, but I cannot Write, neither have I any one of the Books.*

Mr. *Keach.* I will ſee and get you one of them, and ſend it you. Shall I acquaint any Perſon with your Condition? (mentioning ſome worthy Miniſters to him, whom he knew Mr. *Child* formerly had a great Eſteem for.)

Mr. *Keach*, at another Visit not long before his Death, perceiving the Anguish of his Spirit was rather greater than ever, ask'd him, *Have you not yet any more Light ?*

Mr. *Child.* No, nor never shall.

Mr. *Keach.* Shall I, and Two or Three more, such as you shall approve of, come and spend some Time in Prayer to the Lord for you ? To which he gave no Answer, tho' much press'd to it.

Mr. *Child*, at another time said, *I have touch'd the Apple of God's Eye.*—— *I am Damn'd.*

Soon after Mr. *Collings* went to Visit him, and finding him very Restless, Mr. *Collings* said to him, Oh, Mr. *Child*, I am come with a Design to serve your Soul, if it lyes in my Power !

Mr. Child. *God hath been for several Years past, a tearing my Estate, Cursing and Blasting all I have put my Hand to, and Prosper'd me in nothing.*—— And, in much Horror clapping his Hands to his Heart, cry'd, *Here it is, and I shall Dye !*

Mr. *Collings.* I am inform'd your Troubles arises from the Publishing of a Book, entituled, *The Second Argument for*

for a more firm Union amongſt Proteſtants. What part of that Book Troubles you moſt.

Mr. Child. (Taking up the Book in his Hand, began to read, where he ſays) *The greateſt Number of Diſſenters do hold Principles dangerouſly Heretical, and moſt abominably abuſing the moſt holy and bleſſed God,* &c. But before he could end this Paragraph, being under extream Agony of Mind, and Weeping bitterly, put the Book from him, and ſpake to this effect, viz. *I have repreſented thoſe of* Calvin's *Principles beyond whatever they conceived; ſtrained their Opinions beyond their Intentions, and drawn ſuch Conſequences as never were in their Minds.* — And ſtriking his Breaſt with much Anguiſh, ſaid, *Theſe Words lye cloſe; I ſhall never get over this; I Writ in Prejudice againſt them, calling them a villanous Body of People, which was Unjuſt.*

Mr. *Collings* ſaid, Are you heartily ſorrowful for Writing this?

Mr. Child. *Oh that I could Repent! I cannot Repent.*

Mr. Collings. If it were now to do, would you do it again? The beſt part of Repentance is to turn from Evil.

Mr. Child. *I know there is in Repentance Three things,* Confeſſion, Contrition, *and* Reſtitution.

Mr. *Collings.* We are not capable of making God Reſtitution; He Pardons and Juſtifies for his own Name's ſake, and Chriſt's Sake; but Reſtitution is to be made to our Neighbour; and if you are ſenſible God had been Diſhonour'd, and his People Wrong'd in that Book, your next Work is to make Reſtitution in like manner, by a publick Recantation.

Mr. Child. *This is the Opinion of ſome others alſo, and I think it ought to be done.* —— And walking about the Room, with great Horror of Soul, ſaid, —— *I have been guilty of many Evils, I have for ſeveral Years liv'd a very ungodly Life; neglected Family-Duty, Cloſet-Duty, Publick Duty in the Church of God. I have been greatly guilty of Pride, endeavouring to run every man down in Diſpute: I have made this World my God, and been guilty of that Idolatry in* Epheſians *5. — I have not been a little guilty of Hypocriſy; I have endeavour'd by all ways and means to ſhake the Croſs of Chriſt from off my Shoulders; and I fear*

fear I have been guilty of Blaſphemy. — I have wrong'd many a poor Soul by Writing as I have done; I have wiſh'd my ſelf in their Condition, and would have given many Thouſands of Pounds, (had I had it) to have been in as good a Condition, as ſome of them I Writ againſt: I have diſcours'd you, and Mr. B. *and* Mr. J. *and have thought to run down your Opinion by a Spirit of Inſolency and Pride; but the Judgments of God have follow'd me; he has rent and torn me from theſe things, — and now ſhall I Die; I am ſtruck with Death.*

Mr. *Collings.* Suppoſe you ſhould Die to Night (as we know not how it may be with any of us) can you contentedly ſink into the deep Abyſs of Miſery, without ſtriving for Salvation? Would you not run to Chriſt? Strive to take hold of him, and his purchas'd Bleſſedneſs.

Mr. Child (with a very grim Countenance) ſaid, *I ſhall go to Hell, I am broken in Judgment; when I think to Pray, either I have a Fluſhing in my Face, as if I were in a Flame, or I am Dumb, and cannot ſpeak; or elſe I fall aſleep upon my Knees; all the Signs of one whom God hath left Forſaken and Hardned.*

Mr.

Mr. *Collings.* If God ſhould impute to you the Righteouſneſs of Chriſt, would it be of any Advantage to you?

Mr. Child. *If God would be ſo gracious, as to impute Chriſt's Righteouſneſs to me, it would make me a happy Man!*

Mr. *Collings.* Did you do what you did, in Writing that Book, againſt the *Light* of your Conſcience, or *Motions* of the Spirit.

Mr. Child. *I think I did not Formally ſin againſt the Light of my Conſcience, and Spirit of God; yet what I did, was mov'd with Malice, with this Cheat in my Heart,* It may be it may do them good. *The Night before the Book was Publiſh'd, I had ſome Reluctancy, and Gripes of Conſcience.*

Mr. *Collings.* Why did not you call them in before they were publiſh'd?

Mr. Child. *I fell ill upon it, and found my ſelf more and more entangled and enſnar'd; one Door was open'd, and another Door open'd to my Ruin, as if I were a man deſign'd for Damnation!*

After ſome Reaſonings about Baptiſm, Conformity, and the then Troubles which Nonconformiſts were under, he ſaid,

I have abundance of carnal fleſhly Reaſonings; I am under the Power of Unbelief and Diſtruſt: For theſe are my Arguings in me; Should I ſtick to the Church of England, *then thoſe I have Written againſt, would account me the greateſt Hypocrite in the World, to make ſo much ado about Deſpair, for what I have done againſt them; ſhould I leave the Church of* England, *and ſtick to the* Diſſenters, *and, with full Purpoſe of Heart cleave to the Lord; then, if ever I am taken in a Meeting, they will have no Mercy on Me, and Triumph;* This is the Man that made his Recantation! *And then Ruin me to all intents and purpoſes; and I cannot bear the Thoughts of a Croſs, nor a Priſon.*

Mr. Collings. Two Things are eſſentially Neceſſary to the Peace of your Soul; With all ſpeed to publiſh your Recantation; and ſet your ſelf to know the Truth of God, and to cleave to it.

Mr. Child. *What an aſtoniſhing Conſideration is it for a Man to Die in this Condition I am in; to be under Horror for Writing ſuch Things; and yet have no Power to Renounce it; for ſhould I do ſo, I ſhould be quickly Ruin'd in my Eſtate;*

I

I had a Fancy the other Morning, that the Sheriff's *Officers were coming to ſeize all that I had; and about a Week ſince, I had that Word,* Can thy Heart endure, or thy Hands be ſtrong, in the Day I will contend with thee ? *I think I am able to ſatisfie any* Atheiſt *in the World, that there is a God; for I find the Arrows of the Almighty ſticking in me, and he runneth upon me as a Lyon. I thought that I could go and fall at the Feet of thoſe I have wronged, and beg their Forgiveneſs, and wiſh'd often, Oh that I could Repent! Oh, that God would waſh me in the Fountain of his Son's Blood! O that I had Faith that I could Believe!*

Mr. *Collings,* (taking Leave of Mr. *Child*) Can you not deſire my Prayers ?

Mr. Child. *This is a hard Queſtion.* And after a little Pauſe, taking Mr. *Collings* by the Hand, ſaid; *For the Sake of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, Pray for me at Night, if there be any* Mercy *yet left, that I may yet live in the Way of mercy.* —

Mr. *Collings.* (Finding the Troubles of Mr. *Child* ſtill continuing and increaſing) What do you think would give you Relief ?

Mr.

Mr. Child. *If I were in Heaven it could not Relieve me; for there I should behold the Face of a holy God, holy Saints and Saints and Angels, as now I behold the Face of good Men upon Earth, with Shame and Confusion of Face.*

Mr. *Collings.* If God would take you in his Favour, that would Relieve you.

Mr. Child. *His Wrath is come upon me to the uttermost.*

Mr. *Collings.* To Despair, reflects upon the Sov'reignty of God's Grace.

Mr. Child. *For those whose Day of Grace is not gone, God will multiply to Pardon; but it is too late for me, my Day is gone.*

Mr. *Collings.* Did not you Write a Book before the *Second Argument?*

Mr. Child. *I did.*

Mr. *Collings* Did not a Gentleman Write some Animadversions upon it, by way of Answer, in a Manuscript?

Mr. Child. *He did.*

Mr. *Collings.* Was it a sufficient Answer?

Mr. Child. *It was rationally Answer'd.*

Mr. *Collings.* Yet you Printed this Book afterwards.

Mr.

Mr. Child. *I did.*

After ſome time of calm Reaſoning, Mr. *Child* began again to be in a great Horror, and ſpake to the Effect following.

Oh (ſaid he) *I am one of the greateſt Hypocrites that ever liv'd upon the Earth, and ſhall be ſo accounted; God hath done his Will, and will do his Will upon me.* — The Wicked ſhall fall into Miſchief, and the Backſlider in Heart ſhall be fill'd with his own Ways. He that ſaith, he ſhall have Peace, and walketh in the imagination of his evil Heart, the Lord will not ſpare him; but then the Anger of the Lord, and his Jealouſie, ſhall ſmoke againſt that man. *Oh he thunders upon me! Should God let out the Senſe of my Sins on me, (as he will) I ſhould howl like a Dog, roar like a Lyon, bellow like an Oxe, mine inward Parts would melt within me, as the Braſs melts in the flaming Furnace; I ſhall lye lower than* Judas, *lower than* Judas, *I have ſinned worſer than* Judas.

Mr. *Collings.* You make Application of Curſes in the Book of God, but not of the Promiſes; conſider *Iſaiah*, 55. *Pſal.* 34. 5.

Mr.

Mr. Child: *Promiſes are Bread for Children; they look'd on him, and were lightned; I look unto him and am darkned; he knows that I have committed ſuch Wickedneſs, as never hath been done.*

Mr. *Collings.* Do you not ſometimes find an Inclination to Pray?

Mr. *Child. Seldom or never; — only about an Hour before you came, I went about it; but the End was diſmal; That Day you were here with Mr.* W. *I attempted it three times, but could do nothing.*

Mr. *Collings.* Shall I pray for you?

Mr. Child. *No, no; 'tis too late: Neither Men nor Angels can relieve me.*

Mr. Collings, Job ſaith, *Tho' he ſlay me, yet I will truſt in him.*

Mr. Child. *About two Months ſince, I thought I had Comfort and Relief from thence; but now I cannot truſt in him. God ſaith he will deal in a ſingular manner with me here on Earth, and in Hell alſo.*

Afterwards quoted againſt himſelf thoſe Expreſſions, Heb. 10. 26. *For if we ſin wilfully after that we have receiv'd the Knowledge of the Truth, there remains no more Sacrifice for Sin.* 2 Pet. 2. 20, 21, 22. *For if after they have eſcap'd from the Filthineſs of the*

the World, through the acknowledging of their Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, are yet tangled again therein, and overcome, their latter-end is worse than the beginning. For it had been better for them not to have acknowledg'd the Way of Righteousness, than after they have acknowledg'd it, to turn from the holy Righteousness, than after they have acknowledg'd it, to turn from the holy Commandments given unto them. But it is come unto them according to the Proverb; The Dog is returned to his own Vomit, and the Sow that was washed, to the wallowing in the Mire. And Mr. *Child* said, When I am faint and low, I now take somewhat to Refresh me, but in Hell there is no Refreshment, not a Drop of Water to cool my Tongue. I wonder that my Head (tho' it do not ach) doth not burst asunder, it is filled with dismal Cogitations:

Mr. *Collings*, with one Mr. *R.* gave Mr. *Child* another Visit, and Mr. *R.* put him upon saying the Lord's Prayer.

Mr. Child. *I have thought of that, but I dare not say it for these Reasons*; —— 1st, I cannot call God Father. 2dly, I cannot say, Thy Will be done. 3dly,

I

I cannot say, Forgive me my Trespasses, as I forgive them that Trespass against me. ——— All that I have, *added he*, is Curs'd to me; I cannot give God Thanks for what I Eat and Drink.

Mr. *Collings*. Have you a Desire to be Saved?

Mr. Child. *Yes, upon my own Terms, and not according to* God's.

It was then ask'd Mr. *Child*, What those Terms were? — But he would make no Answer.

About *October* the Twelfth, He was again Visited by some of his Friends, whom the Rumour drew thither.

Says one of them, Mr. *Child*, the last time I saw you, you said that you had a *Peradventure* to depend upon, and that was all; I hope you have that still.

No, all is gone! *added he*, with a doleful Voice.

Is God gone, and Christ gone? *said his Friends.*

All is gone! I am undone! *replied he.*

We hope the Lord will return again, *said they.*

You

You cannot hope so concerning me, added he.

Why, where Christ begins a good Work, he will perfect it, cry'd they.

Yes, he reply'd, if I had any; but all is gone, if ever I had any.

Then they said, you would do well, Mr. *Child*, to use the means of Grace, and frequent the Society of God's People, and desire their Prayers, tho' you say you have no mind to pray nor desire their Prayers, yet if you go among them, you know not what God may do for you. Consider 2 *Kings*. 7. 4.

I have been so great a Sinner, said he, against God, and the People of God, that God will have no Mercy for me.

If, said his Friends, God bring you out of this Condition, it may be more to his Honour and Glory, and to your strengthning and establishing of his People, than all you have done in times past.

He said no more to 'em but this, God will glorifie himself by me, and make me an Example for the strengthening and establishing of his People; but it shall end in my Destruction.

Then

Then they with great Sorrow withdrew, finding Society did but trouble and discompose him the more: Nor could his State be render'd worse almost than at that time: His Wife with Grief owning, That often in the Night the very ends of his Hair stood in Drops thro' the Anguish of his Spirit, continually crying out against the Book, &c. About which time he was Visited by Mr. *E. P.* between whom was this following Conference.

When he came into the Room he lamentably cry'd out, O that I might be a good Man! But there is no hopes for me; it is now too late; I am the greatest Hypocrite in Nature.

Mr. *E. P.* I pray you, Mr. *Child*, instance in Particulars.

Mr. *Child.* I have been a dreadful Hypocrite in offering Repentance, when I had none.

Mr. *E. P.* I am a Stranger to any Repentance you offer'd.

Mr. *Child.* I have pretended such a Thing, tho' you know it not.

Mr. *E. P.* Do you intend any Repentance you have offer'd for the Printing and Publishing that Book?

Mr.

Mr. *Child.* Yes.

Mr. *E. P.* It ſeems you confeſs you ought to Repent of the Publiſhing of that Book.

Mr. *Child.* Yes: It requires that Repentance that I ſhall never be able to give.

Then a Stander-by reply'd, Do you think, Mr. *Child*, that God is able to Pardon you?

Mr. *Child.* No.

Mr. *P.* What is your Reaſon?

Mr. *Child.* God hath Sworn in his Wrath, that I ſhall not enter into his Reſt.

Mr. *P.* How do you know that he hath ſo Sworn concerning you?

Mr. *Child.* (Setting himſelf down, ſaid) I confeſs, a Man ſhould not Affirm that which he hath no Reaſon for. —— But roſe up as one Diſcontented, and gavé no further Anſwer.

Mr. *P.* I pray you let me be more inwardly acquainted with the State of your Soul.

Mr. *Child.* The Wrath of God is kindled, and burns within me. — It is impoſſible for you to imagine my Torment; and this is but an earneſt Penny of

of my eternal Damnation. —— I have Guilt enough upon me to ſink Seventeen Kingdoms, and I know the Earth would open its Mouth, and ſwallow me up alive, like *Corah*, *Dathan*, and *Abiram*, were it not that God hath reſerv'd me to be a more publick Spectacle of his Anger and Diſpleaſure, both to Angels and Men. God hath taken away my Talent, and the Influence of the Divine Spirit hath altogether left me; I can neither Pray, nor deſire others to Pray for me; my Heart is perfectly Harden'd.

Mr. *P.* Could you Wiſh that thoſe that have an Intereſt in God, ſhould improve it for you?

Mr. *Child.* How ſhould I, when I cannot deſire Jeſus Chriſt to Pray for me? I am now out of Hopes, for the Prayers of the Godly are recorded againſt me. (Floods of Tears flowing from his Eyes.) Dear-bought Experience hath taught me, that it is not a ſmall thing to trifle with the great Concerns of Religion and Eternity, as moſt Men account it. I have made a God of this World, and neglected God and Jeſus Chriſt; and therefore theſe things

are

are juſtly come upon me.

——— I have been a looſe and carnal Profeſſor; and if I were in the Place of God, I ſhould mete the ſame Meaſure that God doth to me. My Calamity is even at the Door, and all men in a little time will juſtifie God's dealing with me.

Mr. *P.* I pray explain your ſelf in theſe things.

Mr. *Child.* (Evading farther Diſcourſe) you ſhall have the full Account of it in Print.

His Wife ſaid, Who ſhall Print it?

Mr. *P.* Reply'd, I ſuppoſe he intends ſome Signal Impreſſion by Divine Vengeance.

Mr. Child. *Though what you have ſaid is true, yet it is not what I intended; for I have reſolved to give the World an Account of my Condition in a Printed Paper.*

Mr. *P*'s. Friend, This is an humbling Diſpenſation, that you are exercis'd under.

Mr. Child. *An humbling Diſpenſation, do you call it! I tell you it is a hardning Diſpenſation, and I feel it to be ſo.*

Mr.

Mr. *E. P.* I hope there is mercy yet reserved for you.

Mr. Child. *I know I shall have mercy, such as the Damned have. I do highly justifie God in his dealings with me.*

Another then present, cry'd out, O your justifying the dealings of God with you, is a good Sign.

Mr. Child. *God can open the mouths of Reprobates to justifie his Proceedings.*

Mr. *P.* I hope that God will appear in a way of Mercy to your Soul, if you sincerely and heartily apply your self to him.

Mr. Child. *The most Judicious Men know, that I am a damned and lost Man.*

Mr. *P.* (Walking with him in the Fields) You seem now to be more settled in your mind.

Mr. Child. *Though no Consideration can yield me Peace or Comfort, yet the Violence of my Torments admits of some Intermissions; and therefore I am not so sensibly afflicted at all Times, if I had but such a Sense of my Sin, as I ought to have, I should burst asunder, or* (*like* Judas) *use Extremity towards my self.*

Mr. *P.* What mean you by that Paſſage (blaſpheming his Tabernacle) in your Letter to Mr. *J.*

Mr. Child *By it I intended Reproaching and Scandalizing the Church.*

Mr. *P.* (Taking the Letter out of his Pocket) Do you own the Contents of this Letter?

Mr. Child. *Yes, and it was written by me, as with the Pen of a ready Writer. — I would fain believe, but all Power is taken away from me.*

Mr. *P.* I have diſcours'd with Mr. *M.* about your Caſe, and it his Opinion, that a Recantation is your firſt Step in Order to Peace in your Mind, and ſpoke it with much Concern for your Soul.

Mr. Child. (Shedding many Tears, and expreſſing a paſſionate Inquiry) *Is this*

this true, that he is concern'd for me? By which Expreſſion, with the manner of it, Mr. *P.* collected that it gave ſome eaſe to the Mind of Mr. *Child*, to have his Condition entertain'd in ſuch a Miniſter's Thoughts.

This was the Sum of all *Child's* Diſcourſe at that time, which left him ſtill beclouded, and diſtracted in his Underſtanding, but not without ſome Intermiſſions: But as the Servants of God are always ready to relieve the Diſtreſſed, ſo Mr. Child wanted not the Company of good and gracious Souls to condole his Caſe, and adviſe with. Soon after Mr. P's taking his Leave, ſeveral Friends came, and one of 'em ask'd him, How is it with you, Sir?

I am in great Confuſion, and Diſorder in my Spirit (ſaid he,) I have ſinned againſt ſo much Grace, that I am without hopes of receiving Mercy.

Oh, ſaid they, if your Trouble is in reſpect of the Book which you have Written, whereby you have done ſo much Injury to the Suffering People of God, the beſt way we

can advise you to, is to free your Conscience from Guilt, will be to make your Repentance and Recantation as Publick as your Sin is, *Jo.* 7. 19.

He reply'd, I must confess I stand greatly indebted to the Publick, but I am so Confused in my Mind; that when I think of doing it, I can do nothing.——There are three things which are a great Burden to me; my Sin against God, which is Impardonable; my Sin against God's People; and another thing.

What is that other thing? cryed they, To which he made no Answer. Do you think that impardonable sin you mentioned, is the Sin against the Holy Ghost?

I cannot tell, said he.

Was what you did done maliciously against God, Christ, and the Holy Spirit, and God's People, said his Friends?

He reply'd, No.

Then (added they) it may comfortably be concluded, you have not sinned that sin, and therefore you may take Encouragement from the comfortable

fortable Words of Christ, *viz.* that all other Sins and Blasphemies may be forgiven you: Consider the Instances of *David*, *Manasseh*, *Peter*, *Paul*, and the *Jews*, who were Guilty of Crucifying our Saviour, and imprecated the Guilt of his Blood upon their Children, to whom yet our Saviour in his rich mercy commands his Disciples first to preach the Gospel. Is your Condition worse than theirs? It may be your Endeavours heretofore, too much to advance Free-will, and the power of the Creature, may be one reason why the Lord permitted you, thus to fall.

You have hit it, Sirs, cry'd he, I once thought there was a power in man, but now I find it otherwise, for I cannot pray; the Lord hath taken away the Gift of Prayer from me —— I have no desire after any thing that is good, I cannot repent.

O (said they) Christ is exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance and remission of Sins. —— Shall we now pray for you?

He answer'd, Yes.

Then one of the Company prayed; and upon parting, Mr. *Child* thanked them for their Visit, and said to this Effect; —— All this will make against me.

Then some more Company came, and said to him, (as Physicians visiting their Patients, so Friends one that is wounded in Spirit, enquire what is the cause of his Grief.) We pray you declare your mind herein ---- To this for about half an Hour they could obtain no answer, (adding) That *Paul* endeavoured to recover such again as had fallen from an Article of Faith, without which they could not be saved, and counselled others in Meekness to instruct those that oppose themselves, if God peradventure would give them Repentance to the acknowledgement of the Truth. What do you think of *Spira's* Condition?

Spira's Condition, said he, was nothing to mine; for Wrath is come, and coming on me to the utmost, because I have forsaken that which I have believed to be true; to embrace that which I knew to be false, thro' slavish fear to keep my self from Sufferings.

ferings.---- I sought to be great in the World, but God crost me therein in all my Designs: And since the Hand of God hath been upon me, my Spirit hath often times risen against God, that gave me Nourishment by Food and Sleep. (And looking to the Cieling, said,) I see as it were a little Light, thro' a Cranney, or Crevise, as if I would desire to pray. (Then Tears came down his Cheeks abundantly, and he said) If it would please God to manifest himself to me, I should be such a Monument of Mercy as never was in the World, to be a Warning to all others.

Then they added, It's the Apostle's Counsel, that we confess our Faults one to another, and pray one for another, that we may be healed.

He reply'd with Tears in his Eyes, I cannot get this base Heart to open it self farther.

Then they press'd him, saying, Shall we pray for you?

No, no, no, cry'd he.

It's desired, said they, you would set down in Writing the Heads of your chief Trouble.

To which he answer'd, I did write something to that effect; but when I had done, I destroyed it; and here he left off, and said no more.

A while after he was again visited by Mr. *R.* and some others, to whom he said, I had a turn in my Spirit the last Week, as a Result of that warm Discourse I had with you and Mr. *Collings*, concerning the Eminency and Sovereignty of the Grace of God, but it is now gone again.

Mr. *R.* Implore again the Throne of Grace.

Mr. *Child.* I regard Iniquity in my Heart, and God will not hear my Prayer. (And said to another) If God should send an Angel from Heaven to inform me, I should not believe it.

Crying out, O I cannot pray.

Mr. *W.* How can you so long as you have a Lie in your Right-hand? Retract what you have done publickly, or else you cannot expect to have an Heart to pray.

Mr. *Child*, (To Mrs. *M.*) How deplorable a thing a is this, that I who have Preached so much of the Glory of another World, should now be deprived

prived of it all! —You will as surely see me damned, as you now see me stand here.

Mrs. M. Have you no Intermission? — Do such Thoughts always attend you?

Mr. *Child.* I have Intermission sometimes.

Mrs. *M.* Do you think that God cannot save you.

Mr. *Child.* Yes he can; or else I might desire to be in Hell immediately.

Mrs. *M.* Do you think God will not save you?

Mr. *Child.* I cannot believe that he will.

Mrs. *M.* What is the cause of all this Trouble?

Mr. *Child.* That cursed Book.

Being at one Mr C's, in Discourse concerning *Francis Spira*, Mr. *Child* said, I am an hundred times a greater Sinner than *Spira*, a thousand times ten thousand times, yea, an hundred thousand times a greater Sinner than he.

Mr. *C.* Do you love me?

Mr. *Child.* I love you. (And taking Mr. *C.* by the Hand, said) I conjure thee by the eternal God, that thou take

take care of my Wife and Children. I would give ten thousand Worlds for a God, and often----- Oh, what an ungodly Family have I! Husband cannot pray, Wife cannot pray, Children cannot pray, Servants cannot pray! While others are serving their God, we do nothing.

Other Friends giving him a Visit, ask'd if they should pray with him?

Mr. Child. *No, it is too late.* —— *The Company of good Men are a Burden to me.*

They prest him to publish Repentance for his Book that had caus'd him so much Trouble.

Mr. Child. *I sometime thought so to do; but I am so confus'd and confounded in my Mind, that I know not what to do, I can do nothing to purpose.*

Mr. *L.* (Offering him some good Counsel, and he returning no Answer, said) Do you think what I speak is insignificant? Is there no Weight in what we say?

Mr. Child. *There is not only enough in what you say to raise a Man from Earth to Heaven, but from Hell to Heaven, unless such a one as I, who have an Heart*

Heart of a Devil.—— I have no Heart to read or pray at all; Goodis departed from me.

Mr. *Child* being ask'd how it was with him, anſwer'd, very ill.

Mr. *M.* Mean you in Body or Mind?

Whereat he walk'd up and down the Room very Diſconſolate, looking much downward.

Mr. *M.* Said, Why do you look ſo much downward? Look up, for Salvation is not from beneath, but from above.

Mr. Child *Reply'd, I would look upward, but I cannot.—— To another he ſaid, that helliſh Book would Ruin him in Body, and Soul.*

Another ſaid, the Learned Dr. *Twiſs* in his *Vindiciæ Grotii*, confeſſes there were Depths in the Controverſie between *Calviniſts* and *Arminians*, which he could not Fathom, yet he believed the Truth againſt the *Arminians*.

Mr. Child. *Oh I thought I could have Dived to the Bottom of it, by Parts, but I ſee I cannot! —— And then, and at many other times, ſaid,—— I am broken in Judgment; I have no Conſiſtency*

ſtency in my ſelf; I am loſt; there is no Hope, no Hope.

Another Friend, preſent with him, had mention'd and turn'd to *Prov.* 1. 25, 26. *Ye have ſet at nought all my Counſel, and would none of my Reproof; I alſo will Laugh at your Calamity, I will Mock when your Fear cometh.*

Mr. *Child* took the Bible, put his Finger on the place, ſhew'd it to us, and ſaid, *That's my Portion.*

Mr. *P.* Speaking to Mr. *Child* concerning Redemption and Forgiveneſs, through Faith in the precious Blood of Chriſt, and exhorting him to truſt to it, Mr. *Child* anſwer'd,

O I cannot reach it! I cannot come at it! — Again (with a deep Sigh) ſaid, *The black Tokens of Reprobation are upon me.*

Mr. — You are oblig'd to ſtoop to the Sovereignty of God.

Mr. Child. Oh, I cannot, I would be above him! O that there ſhould be an eternal bleſſed Being, and I ſure never to enjoy him! That there ſhould be an eternal Wrath and Puniſhment, and I ſure to fall under it! — I ſhall be an eternal Monument of the Wrath of God!

Thus

Thus he spun his Thread of Life, with great Reluctancy, Fear, Horror, Torment and Anguish; and what is worst of all, in Despair of the mercy of God; so that he became an Object, not only of Pity, but for Atheists to stand and admire, and tremble at: And so he liv'd, contemning the Advice of Divines and Physicians, 'till the 15th of *October*, 1614, when he most miserably became his own murderer, by Hanging himself in his Dwelling-House, in *Spittle-Fields*, *London*.

THE

Irreligious Life, and Miserable Death of

Mr. *George Edwards*,

Late of *Stratford* by *Bow*, in the County of *Essex*, who murder'd himself, *Jan.* the 4th, 170¼.

THE following Relation being in it self so full a Testimony of God's Judgment upon Atheism and Infidelity, we hope the Reader will beware of a Looseness in Religion, and the Offices of a Christian, that this Land, where the Gospel flows like Milk and Honey, may never produce the like terrible Instance, as this *Edwards* among us, of whom I am going to give the following Account.

As

As for his Birth it was at *Plaſtow*, in the Year 1661, where he was Educated by his Parents with ſomething of Strictneſs, until he arriv'd to Years of Maturity, when he marry'd a young Gentlewoman of a good Fortune, and a vertuous and godly Diſpoſition. His Father dying, left him a competent Eſtate, with which for ſeveral Years, he carried on his Trade with great Diligence, and appear'd to be one of good Natural Parts, in all his Converſation.

——As to his Religion, he profeſs'd none; and that which he ſeemingly adher'd to, was of the Church of *England*, to which he very ſeldom reſorted.

He had, no doubt, kept Company with ſome modern Atheiſts, which at firſt ſtagger'd him, and threw him ſelf upon a Belief, that *All Things came by Nature*; and that what Chriſtians call the Providence of God, was purely Accident and Chance. —— Theſe Notions thus imbib'd, led him to a voluptuous and ſenſual Life; and conſequently devoted him to an Atheiſtical Converſation.

His

His Mind thus confus'd, muſt needs meet with a hurry of diſtracted *Thoughts*, which, indeed, was too viſibly ſeen in him, by his pious Wife, after he had daily ſlept off the Fumes of exceſſive Drinking.

In this Courſe of Life he liv'd a conſiderable Time, to the great Grief of his godly Wife, who then lay under a great Uneaſineſs for the Welfare of his immortal Soul.

In the Year 1698, his pious Conſort grew ſo Reſtleſs at the Thoughts of his deplorable Condition, that ſhe reſolv'd to Conſult ſome Divine about him. In order thereto, ſhe thought none more proper to unboſome her Thoughts to, than that eminent Divine, the Reverend Mr. *John Smith*, Vicar of *Weſtham*; a Man of extenſive Charity, and great Learning.

And ſince this painful Divine has given the World a large Account of this Tragedy, in a Book lately Printed by Mr. *Brown*, without *Temple-Bar*, we ſhall not pretend to give any other Relation of this miſerable Man, than what is owing to the ſaid Book, for which the World muſt be indebted to Mr. *Brown*, who,

who, through a Desire of Good, generously gave leave to our Publishing it in this manner.

To proceed then, we will begin with the first Discovery of Mr. *Edwards*'s Case, in the Reverend Mr. *Smith*'s own Words.

ABout the Year 1628, his Wife came to me, lamenting his Case, and desiring that I would take some convenient Time to Discourse with him about his Opinions. —— I told her, I would. And, a few Months after, discours'd him in my Garden to this effect:

Mr. *Edwards*, I hear you have embrac'd some very odd Opinions. It is said, You do not Believe there is any God, or that we have immortal Souls. Is it so, or not? I shall discover nothing to your Prejudice, but endeavour to satisfy you, if I can.

He answer'd, He had such Thoughts; For he believ'd, all things came by Nature, and that when we Dy'd, there was an End of us; and that Things were in the World, as they always had been, and so they would continue for ever.

I ask'd him, What he meant by Nature? And said to him, Look upon these Plants; they must have a Maker, they could not come of themselves; and do not you see great Wisdom and Contrivance in the various Colours, and curious Composure of the Parts of every one of them? It is impossible that they should be the Effects of Chance, or of a blind Principle; and therefore, if by Nature, you mean an universal Power, or Being, that acts with Wisdom and Goodness, 'tis but another Name for God.

As to your saying, That Things are in the World as they always have been; Do not you see, that there is in the World a continual Succession of Causes, and Effects? Is it not plain, that nothing can make it self? Is it not visible every Day, that one thing proceeds from another? That your Son is Begotten by you, as you were by your Father? And, that none of your Progenitors was any more able to make himself, than you were to make your self? From whence it clearly follows, That there must have been one First in every Kind. There must have been a

First

First Man form'd by the Supreme Being; and consequently Things are not in the World as they always were, but had Beginning from GOD, the Independent Cause and Creator of all; and if so, they must have an End, since the same GOD, has declared they shall and therefore will not continue for ever, as they are.

Then I said, As to your self, Do you think there is nothing about you but Flesh, Blood, and Bones?

He answer'd, No, not he.

I ask'd, What is that which Thinks and Contrives; Considers and Examines; which Argues and Disputes, *&c.* Is this nothing but Matter?

He said, he could not tell; he thought not.

Upon which I lent him a Volume of Dr. *Scot*, about the Being of God, and the short Method with the *Deists*, desir'd him to peruse them carefully, and so we parted. But in a few Weeks he return'd with them again, and said, I have read them all over, they are as well Written as such Books can be; the Authors of them are Learned Men, but cannot Convince me; I cannot Believe.

I said, among other things, What do you think of Scripture? Do not you believe the Truth of that?

Hah, (*reply'd he*) Grant that, and Grant all. If Scripture be proved to be of Divine Authority, then all your Religion follows, and all Doctrines are easily Accountable.

Then said I, What have you to say against the Antiquity, and Divine Authority of the Holy Scriptures, which have been deliver'd to us with such an unanimous and constant Tradition of its Divine Original, that it was Written in those Times, and by those inspired Persons it pretends to?

He said, There were many Impostors in the World; —— that the Books of Scripture might be Written in Dark Times, and so get Authority by Degrees. Besides (*continu'd he*) the *Protestants* and *Papists*, *Lutheran* and *Calvinists*, accuse one another of Corrupting the Scripture, and of many Faults in their Translations; and he could not tell what was was True.

I told him, That these were meer Conjectures and Cavils; That tho' several Parties accus'd one another on

ly of Faults in there Tranſlations; the Original *Hebrew* and *Greek* could not be prov'd to have been Corrupted; that our *Engliſh* Tranſlations were as Exact as any extant; and that the Bible, tho' ſome of it was near 4000 Years ſtanding, had all the Characters of Truth and Sincerity, and was handed to us with all the Proofs and Evidence of its Truth, that a Writing was capable of, *&c.*

And here I began to examin what led him to theſe *Atheiſtical* Opinions. Upon which, he reply'd haſtily, Why, there is ſcarce any I ſee that Believes it; — For, if People did really Believe theſe things, would they Live as they do? If ſuch and ſuch zealous *Diſſenters* did indeed Believe that there was a GOD, and Judgment to come, would they be ſo Falſe and Knaviſh, ſo Hypocritical and Malicious, Implacable and Uncharitable, Factious, and Worldly? If ſuch and ſuch conſtant *Churchmen* did in Truth Believe their *Creed*, would they be ſo Intemperate and Prophane; ſo Senſual, Debauch'd, and Covetous? For my part, if I Believed there was a God; that the Scripture

sure is his Word; that our Souls are Immortal; and that there is an Heaven and an Hell, I should live quite otherwise.

This, I confess, was a smart and surprizing Answer, and bears very hard upon wicked Men of all Parties, whose unchristian Lives contradict the holy Faith they profess. —— But having answer'd him to this, and brought him to confess, that there were some Professors of the Christian Religion, whose Life and Conversation were Agreeable to their Profession, and that those who did not Live up to it, would be Angry if he should say, they Believ'd no God, *&c.*

Among other Questions, said I, Pray what Books do you Read? I am afraid some bad Authors have put these Notions into your Head.

He said, No, I have very good Books; amongst the rest, Judge *Hale*'s Origination of Mankind, and Bishop *Wilkin*'s Natural Religion.

These, said I, are very good Books, read them attentively and impartially, and I do not doubt but they'll give you Satisfaction.

I have read them, *(said he)* and there is abundance of Learning in them, but it does not Convince me.

I told him, he muſt be Content with ſuch Evidence as the Nature of things will bear, *&c.* — After which, I ſaid, Pray to God to enlighten your Mind, but — (recalling my ſelf) how can you Pray, that do not Believe? He gave me a dejected Look, and then took his Leave.

The firſt Sunday in *Sept.* 1700. He came to the Communion with his Brewer's Frock, and dirty Neckcloth, unknown to me at firſt; he ſnatch'd the Bread out of my Aſſiſtant's Hand's and ſtood up. I pointed to him to Kneel, which he did, ſaying, *Muſt I Kneel?* When I came with the Cup to theſe Words, [*Drink this*] he ſuddenly caught hold of the Cup, and cry'd, *So I will, if it be good,* and would have drank it all, had not I hinder'd. This Action ſtruck me with Horror. When Communion was over, he carry'd away two Books from the Communion Rails, and threw them into an Hedge, but afterwards gave them to the Owner.

The

The next Day I went to him and Reprov'd him to such a Degree, that he Mutter'd, Blush'd, and appear'd Disorder'd. In the Evening he came to me, and acknowledg'd his Fault, and seem'd sorry for it. But perceiving him still to stick to his former Opinions, I desir'd him to write down what Objections he had, that I might answer them; to which he consented, and so parted.

On the 9th of *Sept.* 1700, Mr. *Edwards* brought me a Paper written with his own Hand, which treated, *Of the Being, or not Being of God; the Eternity of the World*; and, *The Origination, and Eternity of Man.* At the latter End of which, was his own Belief, viz. *That the World is Eternal, and of Matter, existing without any more Power than Matter and Motion; and that all Men go to their Mother, the Earth, and there End.*

To which Paper, I writ him an Answer, *Sept.* 18 1700. in which I treated him with all the Tenderness and Plainness I could. Upon this I was told that he had been heard to say, An *ATHEIST! I do not believe there is really any such Person, for there is no Man*

Man of Sense, who considers Things, but must acknowledge a Deity.

But he was only brought to that fearful State, to Fear and Tremble; and, to drive away such Thoughts, addicted himself to lewd and vicious Courses, and kept Company with base Women, and had gotten the foul Disease.

Not long after this, he was Question'd before the Honourable Sir *G. N.* upon the account of a naughty Woman, who was seen to go into his House one Sunday, when all his Family was at Church, but never seen to come out again, as if he had murder'd and hid her; but as this went no farther, we will leave it, and return to him, who continued to run on in Infidelity, Impenitence, and Drunkenness. In his Drink he was Mad, and out of it, in a melancholly despairing Condition, notwithstanding all the Endeavours his Relations and others us'd for his Conversion.

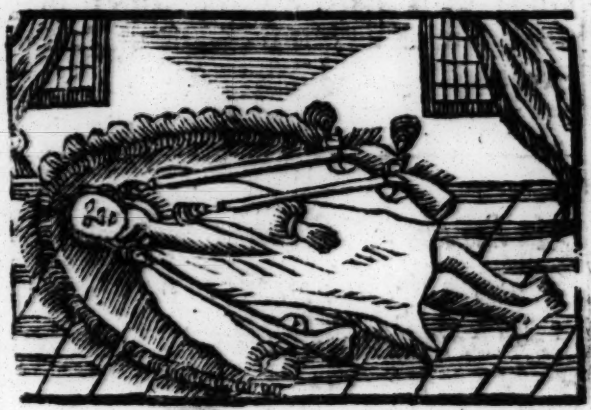
Thus he hurry'd away his Precious Time, 'till his Estate became mortgag'd, and his Affairs ran backwards; the thoughts of which, with the Horrors of Conscience for disowning his Ma-

ker, and living a prophane, debauch'd Life, threw him into extream Despair, with a convinc'd Understanding, but void of Faith.

Thus he continu'd 'till the beginning of *January*, 170$\frac{3}{4}$, when having set up all Day on *Saturday* at the Ale-house, he kept on *Sunday* at home, in his melancholly Humours, as he us'd to be after Drinking. On the *Tuesday* following, he bid his Wife go to *Bow*, about the Concerns of their Brew-house there: In the mean time he shut himself up in a Chamber, kindled a Fire, and prepared things for his most unnatural and wicked Design upon his own Life. When his Wife came home about Noon, she went up to the Chamber-Door, and knock'd; after a while he ask'd, *Who is there?* She answer'd, *Tis I; will you come down to Dinner?* He said, *No Child; go down, I cannot eat to Day.* She went down, and after a while sent up the Maid, and bid her look in, if she could, and see what he was doing. The Maid went up, and just as she came to the Door, the Guns went off.

He

He had kept the Door barr'd till now, but having prepar'd all things for it, he unbarr'd it juſt as he went to do his own Execution, which was in this manner:



He had a Musket, a Fowling-Piece, a ſcru'd Barrel Gun; the Muſſels of theſe he had rais'd upon a Wooden-Horſe, and planted Two of them to his Head, and one to his left Side; and having ſtript himſelf to his Shirt and Breeches, laid himſelf down cloſe to them, and ſetting with an hot Iron Fire to a Train of Powder, they went off at once, and murder'd him in a Moment.

Here was the dreadful End of his Atheism, and Infidelity, his Irreligion and Impiety. In this horrible manner did he cut off his Life and Hopes at one Blow, and, without any Fear of God, or Regard to the Good of his Soul, launch'd out into an unalterable Eternity.

A farther Account of God's severe Judgments on several other Apostates.

IN the whole Book of God there is not a more grievous or terrible Threatning pronounc'd on any Sin, than against Apostacy; that is, a wilful falling away from the Truths of the Gospel manifested unto us; or when Persons for Fear of Men, Temptations of Gain, or Preferment, Compliance with the Fashions of a vain wicked World, or any other Carnal Motive, make Shipwreck of a good Conscience, and forsake that true Faith which they once profess'd, and trample under Foot those blessed

bleſſed and pure Inſtitutions of Chriſt, which they have been partakers of, who can Read without Trembling, or Conſider without Horror, thoſe repeated, poſitive, and aſtoniſhing Determinations of God himſelf, by the unerring Pen of his Apoſtle? It is impoſſible for thoſe who were once enlightned, and have taſted of the heavenly Gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghoſt, and have taſted the good Word of God, and the Power of the World to come, if they ſhall fall away, to renew them again unto Repentance, ſeeing they crucify to themſelves the Son of God afreſh, and put him to an open Shame. *Heb.* [illegible] and 20. 37. *If we ſin wilfully, after that we have receiv'd the knowledge of the Truth, there remaineth no more Sacrifice for Sin, but a fearful looking for of Judgment, and fiery Indignation, which ſhall devour the Adverſaries.*

But beſides the dreadful Sentence ſuch Backſliders are to expect from the great Tribunal, divine Vengeance often inflicts ſignal Judgments on them, even here on Earth. Therefore to the foregoing Hiſtories, we ſhall add the following remarkable Examples.

1. The

1. The Emperor *Julian*, for his Revolt from Chriſtianity, infamouſly Famous to all Generations, by the name of *Apoſtate*, was bred up in the Chriſtian Faith, and for his Learning admitted to be a Reader in the Church of *Nicodemia*, afterwards being Seduced by certain Pagan Sophiſters, turn'd Heathen, and by various ſubtile Arts, endeavour'd to root out the chriſtian Religion, but never after he had declar'd himſelf ſuch a Renegado, proſper'd in any of his Undertakings. At laſt, in an unfortunate Expedition againſt the *Perſians*, being ſhot with an Arrow by an unknown Souldier, receiv'd his own Blood, guſhing out of the Wound, into the Palm of his Hand, and in a deſpairing Malice againſt Chriſt, flung it up to'ards Heaven, ſaying, *Viciſti tandem Galilea! At laſt thou haſt been too hard for me, O Galilean!* So the wicked Wretch was us'd in Scorn to call the bleſſed Jeſus; and thus died in all reſpects moſt miſerable.

2. To deſcend to latter Times, *Henry* of *Bullen*, K. of *Navarre*, (Father of *Henry* the IVth) educated in the Reformed Religion, being inveigled with the imaginary Hopes of the *Crown* of *Sardinia*,

nia, and the Provinces of the *Spaniard*, left the Proteſtants both in Profeſſion, and Perſon, and became a Perſecutor of thoſe whoſe Protector he was: But whilſt his ambitious Hopes upon *Spain*, he was deprived of his own Crown; and God in Juſtice (who never leaves any, that firſt leaves not him) gave him over to an immature and violent Death, for a Bullet took him off within his own Trenches, beſeiging the poor Proteſtants in *Roan*.

3. *Henry* the 14th, his Son, how many pitch'd Battles did he Fight, and yet came off both with Safety and Victory? How many Dangers did he eſcape, even to Admiration, whilſt he kept firm to the Proteſtant Religion, in which he was bred, and continued at Diſtance with the *Pope*? But when for politick and worldly Reſpects, he taſted the ſame ſower Grapes, which ſet his Father's Teeth on edge; and for fear of not getting firm Poſſeſſion of *Paris*, would rather hazard Paradiſe; and, againſt the Dictates of his Conſcience, to facilitate and eſtabliſh (as he thought) his Seat in the Throne of *France*, baſely comply'd, and in Hypocriſy ſuffer'd

himself to be formally reconcil'd to the Church of *Rome*, did not long survive this High-Treason against the King of kings: For first a young *Jesuit* with a Dagger struck him into the Mouth (a fair Warning on those Lips which had renounc'd the Truths of his Redeemer) and still persisting without Repentance, soon after a *Popish Raviliac* stab'd him to the Heart, in his Coach, as he was passing over the new Bridge at *Paris*.

4. The late famous *French* General Mareschal *Turenne* had liv'd Threescore Years and upwards in the Reform'd Communion, but at last, by I know not what Court Poyson, or Jesuit's Charm, (contrary to the Resolution of holy *Polycarpus*, who being tempted to *Apostacy*, answer'd, *These eighty Years have I serv'd Christ, and never wanted any thing, and I will never now forsake so good and indulgent a Master*) was drawn away to embrace *Popery*; when, behold! soon after, he that had escap'd the Shock of so many Battles, was suddenly slain, where he could not rationally suspect any great Danger by a Cannon-Bullet, as he was viewing at a great distance, the posture of the Enemies Camp, in the late

late War with *Germany*. — I remember once I heard a Papiſt upbraid a Proteſtant with this Gentleman's Change of Religion, ſaying, *You ſee* Turenne *when he grew old, was willing to Die in the Arms of our Mother Church.* To which the Proteſtant very well reply'd, *Yes, Sir, 'twas when he was Old; and 'tis nothing ſtrange to hear that ſome Men in their declining Years begin to Dote, for faithful young* Solomon *prov'd an old Idolator.*

5. *Melanchthon* (that *Phœnix* of *Germany*) has a Relation of Apoſtacy viſibly puniſh'd in a certain Taylor's Servant, who being for a while a zealous Profeſſor of the Proteſtant Religion, afterwards removing to another Place, was perſuaded by ſome of his Companions to turn Papiſt again, and did with them go to Maſs, and receive the Sacrament but in one kind; but at laſt returning again to his old Maſter,, (who was ignorant of the Fellow's Relapſe, but ſeeing him neglect to participate of the Lord's Supper) he began to admoniſh him of his Duty therein; to all which he anſwer'd not a Word for a long time, but in the end, roaring out moſt horribly, he pronounc'd theſe Words,

O master! I am unworthy of that holy Banquet, I have denyed the Gospel, and am become the Devil's perpetual Vassal. With these Words in his Mouth, he suddenly flung himself out of the Window, and with the Fall, burst out his Bowels.

6. One *Latamus* that belong'd to the cruel Court of *Inquisition*, had, in his Youth, imbib'd some Principles of true Religion, but the Vanities of the World soon choak'd that good Seed, and being prefer'd to a gainful Place in the *Pope's Shambles*, (for so I may call the bloody *Inquisition*) thought he should not deserve it, unless he became a most grievous Persecutor of those whom his Conscience told him were the faithful Servants of God. As the Proverb assures us, *That one Renegado is worse than ten Turks*; so Experience shews, that when any that have formerly own'd Religion, revolt from it, they of all others become the fiercest and most barbarous Persecutors of it; fearing belike, that they shall still be suspected to be of the depressed Party, if they do not put off all Humanity towards them; and to avoid the Censure of *Hereticks*, think there is a Necessity to shew themselves prophane

Hell-

Hell-Hounds, ſavage, canine, incarnate Devils. This was this *Latamus's* Courſe, no Body ſo buſie as he to find out, hunt after, ſuppreſs, deſtroy, and torment all that would not conform to the falſe Doctrines, and vile Superſtition in the Church of *Rome*, by Law Eſtabliſhed. But in the midſt of his Career, God met with him, and ſuddenly ſtruck him both inwardly and outwardly with Terrors of Soul, and Bodily Diſeaſes, and then his Eyes were opened, but not to Repentance, but to Deſpair; Aſtoniſhment ſeiz'd him, and he was overwhelmed with Confuſion and Horror, ſo that he ſent for ſeveral Learned Men, and being in the Extremity of Deſperation, freely of his own accord confeſs'd his Impiety, in ſuch Expreſſions as theſe: 'O how heavy, 'how grievous is my Sin; who wittingly and willingly againſt my 'Knowledge, againſt the Dictates of 'my Conſcience, have imploy'd my 'ſelf in the Devil's Drudgery, and 'Perſecuted Chriſt in his Members, 'and oppoſed the Truth of the Goſpel, and ſtopt the Worſhip of God, 'and as much as in me lay, endea-

'vour'd

'vour'd with *Lucifer*, to pull God 'out of his Throne, and to make 'Void his Law, and preferr'd the Luſts 'and Pleaſures, the Malice and Re-'venge of vile and wicked Men, be-'fore the Glory of God, the Chari-'ty which I ow'd to my Neighbours, 'and the Reverence which I ought 'to have paid to the Divine Com-'mands? Alas! Thus have I ſinned 'againſt the Holy Ghoſt; nor can I 'hope for any Forgiveneis in this Life, 'or to Eternity, but am Damn'd for 'ever with the Devil and his Angels, 'whoſe I am, and whom I have ſer-'ved, and am incorporated into his 'Kingdom. Henceforwards behold 'not *Latamus* as a Man, but as a very 'Devil; and if your Eyes were o-'pen'd you would believe my Hands 'and Feet already deform'd, and 'horrible, with filthy Claws, *&c.* The Learned Men that came to Viſit him were aſtoniſh'd at theſe Diſcour-ſes, eſpecially perceiving that the ſame did not proceed from an ordi-nary Melancholly, or Diſtemperature of Brain, (for in all things he was ſufficiently Senſible and Rational) but from

from a Senſe of the Wrath of God, and Horror of Conſcience. However one of them, a Doctor of Divinity; and his intimate Friend, began with a long and chriſtian Diſcourſe to comfort him, endeavouring to demonſtrate to him from God's Word, That there was no Sin ſo grievous, but by the Grace and Mercy of God might be pardon'd. To which *Latamus* readily anſwer'd, That he was not ignorant that there were many Places in Holy Writ, moſt excellent, and exceeding full of Comfort, but ſtill they were full of Comfort, but ſtill they were nothing to him, for he wanted Faith and Reliance upon God, and knew already for a certain, that the Sentence of Damnation was gone forth againſt him: And *(ſaid he)* that you may not doubt thereof, you ſhall ſee that on this Bed whereon I lye, I ſhall, without ever being able to riſe from it, ſuddenly Dye, but take me for an Example, and let me be a Warning to all; for for this Cauſe I ſent for you hither, that being by me Admoniſhed, you may Repent, and give over Perſecuting of the faithful Servants

'vants of God. This and much more to the ſame Purpoſe having ſaid, he fell into horrible Roarings and Howlings, and ſo in the Preſence of them all expir'd; his Countenance and whole Body being turn'd to ſo great a Deformity and Uglineſs, as was frightful to behold. This was Recorded in this very manner by the Learned *Fincelius*, *l. De Miraculis*, who atteſts it for a certain and notorious Truth,

The Remarkable Hiſtory of John Diazius, *and his barbarous Brother.*

7. *John Diazius* was born in *Spain*, brought up at School, afterwards he went to *Paris*, to ſtudy the Arts, where he continu'd 13 Years: But it pleas'd God, that whilſt he read over the holy Scriptures, and ſome of *Luther*'s Books, and other Proteſtant Divines, he began to ſee and abominate the Errors of Popery. And therefore to further himſelf in the Knowledge and Study of the Truth, he went to *Geneva*, and thence to *Stratsburgh*, where *Martin Bucer* obſerving his Learning, Piety and Diligence

gence, obtain'd of the Senate, that he ſhould be join'd with him, to go to the Diſputation at *Ratiſbon*, and when he came thither, he went to *Peter Mulvinda*, a *Spaniard*, the Pope's Agent in *Germany*, who, when he knew that he came in the Company with *Bucer*, and the other Proteſtant Divines, he was much aſtoniſh'd, and admir'd how he was ſo much changed from that which he knew him to be at *Paris*; and withal he fretted exceedingly that they had gotten a *Spaniard* amongſt them, preſuming that they would Triumph more in him than in many *Germans*; whereupon he left no means uneſſay'd, to draw him back again to the Church of *Rome*; ſometimes making large Proffers and Promiſes unto him, other times threatning ſevere Puniſhments, and mixing both with earneſt Entreaties: But when by no means he could prevail to divert him from the Truth, he ſent for his Brother *Alphonſius Diazius*, one of the Pope's Lawyers, from *Rome*; who hearing that his Brother was turn'd Proteſtant came ſpeedily into *Germany*

Germany, bringing a notorious *Banditti*, or Cut-Throat with him: When he came to *Ratisbon*, *Diazius* was departed to *Newburg*, about printing of a Book of *Bucer*'s; which *Alphonsus* hearing of, soon follow'd him thither; where, after long debating of matters of Religion between the two Brothers, *Alphonsus* seeing the Heart of his Brother *John* to be constantly planted on the sure Rock of God's Truth, that neither Preferments would allure him, nor Threats terrifie him, both having been us'd by the Pope's Agent: And that he himself by no Perswasion could prevail with him to return to *Popery*, he feign'd himself friendly to take his leave of him, and so departed. But shortly after he returned again with this Ruffian, whom *Alphonsus* sending disguis'd with a Letter to his Brother, as *John Diazius* was reading the Letter, this bloody Murtherer cleft his Head with an Hatchet he had prepared for that purpose: This happen'd *Anno Christi*, 1546, and this Inhuman *Cain* was highly commended by the Papists for it. But the Lord would not suffer such

ſuch an unnatural Villany to go unpuniſh'd, for not long after he was ſo dogged and hunted with the Furies of his own Conſcience, that being at *Trent*, when the Council was held there, he hang'd himſelf about the Neck of his own *Mule*.

8. There was one *Burton* the Bayliff of *Crowland* in *Lincolnſhire*, who in K. *Edward* the Sixth's time, was ſeemingly a zealous Proteſtant; but as ſoon as ever cruel Queen *Mary* came to the Crown, he openly turn'd Papiſt, and endeavour'd to ſtir up his Neighbours to introduce the Maſs; who being very forward in it, the Lord's-Day following, this *Burton* went to the Curate, ſaying, —— *Sirrah, will you not ſay Maſs? Buckle your ſelf to it, you Knave, or by God's Blood I will ſheath my Dagger in thy Shoulders!* The poor Curate being affrighted herewith, betook himſelf to read the Maſs; but ſhortly after, as this *Burton*, with one of his Neighbours rode together upon the *Fen bank*, a *Crow* (as it appear'd to be, and with her uſual Note) flew over his Head, and voiding her Excrements, it fell on his Noſe, and ſo ran down

down upon his Beard, and ſtank ſo horribly, as ſet him a vomiting in a moſt violent manner; whereupon haſt'ning home, he betook himſelf to Bed, but could Eat nothing; and the Stench and Vomiting ſtill continuing, with fearful Oaths and Execrations he lay Curſing the Crow for thus Poyſoning of him, and ſo remain'd in extream and continual Torments for two or three Days, and then raving, and without any Signs of Repentance, or fear of God, Dyed.

9. One *Pavier*, the Town Clerk of *London*, in the Days of King *Henry* the 8th, a Cruel Enemy to the True Profeſſors of the Goſpel, Swore an Oath, That if the King would ſet forth the Scriptures in *Engliſh*, rather than he would live to ſee it he would Cut his own Throat, but he broke his Word, for he did not Cut his Throat, but ſoon after (thinking belike a Dog's Death more fit for him than a Calf's) Hang'd himſelf.

10. One *Rockwood* (of which Family there are many Papiſts to this Day in *Suffolk*, and one of them was executed for the *Gun-Powder-Treaſon-Plot*) was a great

great ſtirrer up of the Perſecution againſt God's People in *Calais* (before Queen *Mary*, to the everlaſting Infamy, and Diſſervice of the *Engliſh* Nation, ſuffered that important Town to be loſt to the *French*) but being ſuddenly ſtruck with Sickneſs, he lay ſtaring and raving, and perpetually crying out; *All too late, for I have maliciouſly ſought the Death of many godly Perſons, and againſt the Light of my own Conſcience, and therefore, All too late! all too late!* And thus he continued unto his End.

11. *Thomas Blair*, a Privy-Counſellor to the King of the *Scots*, was a great Perſecutor of the reformed Chriſtians in that Kingdom, but being by God ſmitten with Sickneſs, he fell into Deſpair, crying out, *That he was damn'd and a Caſt-away; that he was damn'd without Remedy*, &c. And when the Monks came to his Bed-ſide, and pretended to comfort him, he ſaid, Be gone with your Trumpery and Fooleries: I never 'till now, believed there was either God or Devil, Heaven, or Hell; I had no more eſteem of your Religion, than I had of the *Proteſtants*: In what I did,

I acted only as a *Politician*; to get Preferment and Money; and to that purpose I engaged on the Biſhop's behalf, as thinking them the ſtrongeſt Side, and that would beſt gratify my Hopes, and ſo I prevail'd with the King to caſt out their Adverſaries. All your *Maſſes* and your Faſtings can do me no good, for I am damn'd, and the Devil hath me already in his Gripes to carry me to Hell, there to torment me to Eternity, according to my Deſerts.—In which miſerable Condition he dyed, without any ſign of true Repentance.

12. One *Larkin*, who ſeemed to have had ſome Taſte of the Goſpel in his younger Years, ſeeing the Storms of Perſecution begin to ariſe, not only forſook the Truth, but for Gain turn'd an Informer againſt, and Perſecutor of ſuch as conſtantly profeſs'd it; and particularly he diſcovered and apprehended one *Eagles*, who for Religion thereupon ſuffered Death. But ſoon after, he himſelf, for a ſmall Crime, was Arraign'd, Condemn'd, and Hang'd. And as he ſtood at the Bar to receive Sentence of Death, he ſaid publickly, *This is juſtly fallen upon me for betraying the Blood of that*

that juſt Man, George Eagles, *who thro' my means was Condemned, and I ſold his Life for a little Money.*

13. That exemplary Judgment of God poured out upon *Stephen Gardiner*, Biſhop of *Wincheſter* in Q. *Mary*'s Days, all Generations will have cauſe to remember, and admire. This cruel Biſhop, upon the Day wherein reverend *Latimer*, and learned *Ridley* were to be burnt at *Oxford*, was ſo eager upon their Deaths, that although ſome great Noblemen came to Dine with him that Day, yet he would not ſit down to Dinner, till one of his Servants, whom he had ſent thither on purpoſe, coming Poſt from *Oxford*, about Four of the Clock in the Afternoon, brought the News that Execution was done upon them. —— Then the Wretch haſten'd to Dinner, and was very merry, but before he had eaten many Bits, a ſudden ſtroke of God's Hand fell ſore upon him, inſomuch that he was carried immediately to his Bed, in which he continued for Fiveteen Days, in intollerable Anguiſh and Torments, even rotting above Ground, during all which Time, he could void nothing that he recei-

received, either by Stool or Urine; his Tongue alſo hung out of his Mouth, Swoln and Black, and ſo he Languiſh'd, and Pined away in great Anguiſh and Miſery.

For a Concluſion, as I would not *break any bruiſed Reed*, nor be altogether a *Boanerges*, Thundering and Lightening out of Judgments, but be alſo a *Barnabas*, *a Son of Conſolation*, and pour Balm of *Gilead* into thoſe Wounded Spirits, who out of humane Frailty, and Satan's Suggeſtions, and the World's Temptations, may too far Comply againſt the Dictates of their own Conſciences, and for the ſame, may happen to be ſmitten, with the Terrors of the Lord. I ſhall here add one Eminent Example of a great Light of the Church that fell in that kind, and was brought to the very Brink of Deſpair, and yet, by God's Grace Repented, and was happily reſtored. But let not the Reader think a ſlight or ſuperficial Repentance would ſerve the Turn; you ſhall ſoon perceive by the Vehemence of his Expreſſions, proceeding from a Heart all over in Confuſions and Agonies; what Soul-Convulſions he had endured, before he could

could receive any Glimpſe of Comfort.

The Caſe is that of *Origen*, a Perſon for Learning, Zeal, and other Gifts, as Famous as any in the Primitive Church, after the Apoſtle's Days. In the Reign of *Decius*, for the Doctrine of Chriſt, he underwent Bands and Torments in his Body, Wracking, with Bars of Iron, Dungeons; beſides ſeveral Threats of Death and Burning, *&c.* At length, hearing that ſome Chriſtians were carried to an Idol Temple, to force them to Sacrifice, he out of his Zeal, ran thither to incourage and diſſuade them from it: When his Adverſaries ſaw him, they let go the other, and laid hold upon him, putting him to his Choice, whether he would offer Incenſe to the Idol, or have his Body defiled with a Foul and Ugly Blackmoor. He chooſes to offer Incenſe. Then did they preſently put Incenſe into his trembling Hands, and whilſt he demur'd upon it, they took his Hands, and cauſed him to throw it into the Fire, and thereupon preſently cried out, Origen *hath Sacrificed*, Origen *hath Sacrificed*. After this Fact he was Excommunicated by the Church, and being filled with Shame and

and Sorrow, he left *Alexandria*, and came to *Jerusalem*, where he was even constrained by Importunity to Preach to them. He took his Bible, open'd it, and the first place he cast his Eye upon, was this Scripture, *Unto the Wicked, God saith, why dost thou preach my Law, and take my Covenant into thy Mouth? Psalm* 50. 16. — When he had read these Words, he sate down, and burst out into abundance of Tears, the whole Congregation Weeping with him also, so that he was not able to say any more unto them. After this he wandred up and down in great Grief and Torment of Conscience, and wrote the following Lamentation.

IN the bitterness of Grief of Mind, I go about to speak unto them, who shall hereafter read this confused Writing. But how can I speak, when my Tongue is tyed up, and my Lips dare not once more wag? My Tongue doth not his Office, my Throat is dried up, and all my Senses and Instruments are polluted with Iniquity. — O ye Saints and blessed of God, with wateriſh Eyes, and wet Cheeks soaked in Dolour and Pain, I beseech you to fall down before the Seat

Seat of almighty God, for me miſerable Sinner, who by reaſon of my Sins, dare not trave ought at the Hands of God.— Woe is me, becauſe of the Sorrow of my Heart. —— *Woe is me, my Mother, that ever thou broughteſt me forth.* —— *A righteous Man to be converſant in unrighteouſneſs? An Heir of the Kingdom of God, to be an Inheritor of the Kingdom of Satan? A Miniſter, to be found wallowing in Impiety? A Man beautified with Honour an Dignity, to be in the end blamiſhed with Shame and Ignominy.— A lofty Turret, yet ſuddenly thrown to the Ground! A burning Light, yet forthwith darkned! A fruitful Tree, yet quickly wither'd! A running Fountain, yet by and by dried up. Wo is me, that ever I was decked with Gifts and Graces, and now ſeen pitifully deprived of all.— But who will miniſter Moiſture to my Head? And who will give Streams of Tears unto my Eies, that I may bewail my ſelf in this my ſorrowful plight? Alas! O my Miniſtry, how ſhall I Lament thee? Oh, all ye my Friends, tender my Caſe, and pity my Perſon, that am ſo dangerouſly Wounded! Pity me, O ye my Friends, for that I have now trodden under Foot the*

Seal and Cogniſance of my Profeſſion ; and joyned in League with the Devil Pity me, O ye my Friends, for that I am rejected and caſt away from before the Face of God almighty. There is no Sorrow comparable to my Sorrow ; there is no Affliction that exceeds my Affliction ; no bitterneſs that paſſeth my Butterneſs ; no Lamentation more Lamentable than mine ; neither is there any Sin greater than mine ; and there is no Salve for me. Where is that good Shepherd of Souls. Where is he that went down from Jeruſalem *to* Jericho, *which ſalved and cured him that was wounded by Thieves ? Seek me out, O Lord, that am fallen from the higher* Jeruſalem ; *which has broken the Vow which I made in Baptiſm,* &c. *Alas ! that ever I was Doctor, and now occupy not the room of a Diſciple. Thou knoweſt, O Lord, that I fell againſt my Will ; whereas I went about to enlighten others, I darkned my ſelf. When I endeavoured to bring others from Death to Life, I brought my ſelf from Life to Death : When I minded to preſent others before God, I preſented my ſelf before the Devil : When I deſired to be found a Friend and Favourer of Godlineſs, I was found a Foe, and a furtherer of Iniquity : When I ſet my ſelf*

againſt the Aſſemblies of the Wicked, and reproved their doings, there found I Shame, and the moſt peſtilent Wound of the Devil. Some promiſed me to be Baptiſed; but after that I paſſed from them, the Devil that ſame Night transformed himſelf into an Angel of Light, and ſaid unto me, When thou art up in the Morning, go on and perſuade them, and bring them unto God. *But the Devil going before me, prepared the Way, &c. and I, O unhappy Creature, skipping out of my Bed at the dawning Day, could not finiſh my wonted Devotion, neither accompliſh my uſual Prayers; deſiring That all Men might be ſaved, and come to the knowledge of the Truth, whilſt in the mean time I wrapped my ſelf in the Snares of the Devil. I gat me to thoſe wicked Men, and required them to perform the Covenant made the Night before. I, ſilly Soul, knowing not their ſubtilty, and we came to the Baptiſm. O blinded Heart, how didſt thou not remember? O fooliſh Mind, how didſt thou not bethink thy ſelf? O witleſs Brain, how didſt thou not underſtand? But it was the Devil that lulled thee aſleep, and in the end, ſlew thy unhappy and wretched Soul.* ——

——*O thou Devil, what haſt thou done unto me? How haſt thou Wounded me? I bewailed ſometimes the Fall of* Sampſon, *but now have fallen worſe my ſelf:* Sampſon *had his Haircut off, but the Crown of Glory is fallen off my Head.* Sampſon *loſt the carnal Eyes of his Body, but my ſpiritual Eyes are put out. It was the Wilineſs of a Woman that brought Confuſion upon him; but it was my Tongue that brought me into this ſinful Condition.*—

Alas! my Church liveth, yet I am a Widdower. My Sons are alive, yet I am barren. Every Creature rejoyceth, and I alone am deſolate and ſorrowful, &c. *Bewail me O ye bleſſed People of God, who am baniſhed from God. Bewail me, who am ſhut out of the Wedding-Chamber of Chriſt. Bewail me who am abhorred of the Angels, and ſevered from the Saints.* —— *Who knoweth whether the Lord will have mercy on me, and whether he will pity my Fall? Whether he will be moved with my Deſolation? Whether he will have reſpect to my Humiliation, and encline all his tender Compaſſions towards me? I will proſtrate my ſelf before the Threſhold and Porch of his Church, that I may entreat all People, both ſmall and*

and great, ſaying unto them, trample and tread me under Foot, who am the unſavoury Salt; tread upon me, who have no Taſte nor Savour of God; tread upon me who am fit for nothing.

Now let the Elders mourn, for that the Staff whereon they leaned is fallen.

Now let the young Men mourn, for that their School-maſter is fallen.

Now let the Virgins mourn, for that the advancer of Virginity is defiled

Now let the Miniſters mourn, for that their Patron and Defender is ſhamefully fallen.

Woe is me, that I fell ſo leudly! Woe is me, that I fell moſt dangerouſly, and cannot riſe again! Aſſiſt me, O holy Spirit, and give me Grace to Repent; let the Fountain of Tears be opened, and Guſh out into Streams, to ſee if peradventure I may have Grace throughly to Repent, and to wipe out of the Book of my Conſcience, the Accuſations Printed therein againſt me. But thou, O Lord, think not upon my polluted Lips, neither weigh thou the Tongue that hath uttered leud things, but accept of my Repentance, and have mercy upon me, and raiſe me up out of the Mire of Corruption, for the Puddle thereof hath even choaked

me up. Woe is me, that was ſometimes a Pearl gliſtering in the golden Garland of Glory, but now am thrown into the Duſt, and trodden in the Mire of Contempt. Woe is me, that the Salt of God now lieth on the Dunghil. ——

Now I will addreſs my ſelf, and turn my Talk unto God. Why haſt thou lifted me up, and caſt me down? I had not committed this Impiety, unleſs thou hadſt withdrawn thine Hand from me. — *But why, O Lord, haſt thou ſhut my Mouth by the holy Prophet* David? *How; have I been the Firſt that ſinned, or am I the Firſt that fell? Why haſt thou forſaken me, being deſolate, and baniſhed me from amongſt thy Saints, and aſtoniſhed me, when I ſhould preach thy Law?* David *himſelf, who hath ſhut up my mouth, ſinned too bad in thy ſight, yet upon Repentance, thou receiveaſt him to mercy.* Peter, *that was a Pillar, after his Fall, wipes it away with ſalt Tears, not continuing long in the Puddle of Infidelity.*

Now I humbly beſeech thee, O Lord, call me back, for that I have trodden a moſt perillous and deſtructive Way; grant me that good Guide and Inſtructor the Holy Ghoſt, that I become not the Habitation of Devils;

vils; but that I may tread under Foot the Devils that trod upon me, and overcoming all his Sleights, may be again reſtored to the Joys of thy Salvation.

Now all ye which behold my Wound, tremble for Fear, and take heed that ye ſlumber not, nor fall into the like Crime; but rather let us aſſemble together, and rend our Hearts, &c. *I mourn, and am ſorry at the Heart-Root, O ye my Friends, that ever ſo I fell,* &c.

Let the Angels lament over me, becauſe of this my dangerous Fall.

Let the Aſſemblies of Saints lament over me, for that I am ſevered from their bleſſed Societies.

Let the holy Church lament over me, for that I am wofully declined.

Let all the People lament over me, for that I have my Death's Wound.

Bewail me, that am in like caſe with the reprobate Jews; for this which was ſaid unto them, why doſt thou Preach my Law, &c. *now ſoundeth alike in my Ears; What ſhall I do, that am thus beſet with manifeſt Miſchiefs. Alas, O Death, why doſt thou linger? Herein thou doſt ſpite, and bear me Malice? O* Satan, *what Miſchief haſt thou brought unto me?* How haſt

haſt thou pierced my Breaſt with thy poyſonous Dart ? *Thinkeſt thou, that my Ruin will avail any thing at all ? Thinkeſt thou to procure to thy ſelf any Eaſe or Reſt, whilſt that I am grievouſly tormented? Who is able to ſignifie unto thee, whether my* Sins *be wiped and done away ? Whether I ſhall not again be coupled with, and and made a Companion to the* Saints ? *O Lord, I fall before thy Mercy-ſeat, have Mercy upon me, who mourn thus out of meaſure, becauſe I have greatly offended.— Rid my Soul, Lord, from the roaring Lyon The Aſſembly of the Saints doth make interceſſion for me, who am an unprofitable* Servant. *Shew Mercy, ô Lord, to thy wandring* Sheep, *who is ſubject to the rending Teeth of the ravenous Wolf. Save me, ô Lord out of his Mouth. Let my* Sack-cloth *be rent aſunder, and gird me with* Joy *and* Gladneſs. *Let me be again received into the Joy of my God. Let me be thought worthy of his Kingdom, through the earneſt Petitions of the Church, which ſorroweth over me, and humbleth her ſelf to Jeſus Chriſt, in my behalf*; To whom with the Father and the Holy Ghoſt, be all Glory and Honour, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

FINIS.

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